

TRY LIFE, MAY 1st, 1920.

THE STRANGE RIVER CRAFT OF MESOPOTAMIA (Illustrated). By Rowland Gorbold.  
THE STARLING IN THE WOODPECKER'S NEST (Illustrated).

# COUNTRY LIFE

25, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Vol. XLVII. No. 1217.  
Entered as Second-class Matter at the  
New York, N.Y., Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1920.

Published Weekly. PRICE ONE SHILLING  
Subscription Price, per annum, post free,  
Inland and Canadian, 60/- Foreign, 74/-

INSURE  
HEALTH  
and  
COMFORT  
by wearing

“Viyella” Shirts  
and  
Pyjamas.

(Regd. Trade Mark).

If unable to obtain, write to the Manu-  
facturers for names of suitable Retailers.



(Regd. Trade Mark.)

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 37, Viyella  
House, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1.



S. M. BRYDE & CO. Ltd.  
WALLPAPER SHOWROOMS  
5, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.  
AND  
EASINGHALL WORKS, LEEDS.

By Special Appointment



to H.M. King George V.

COUNTRY AND TOWN  
HOUSES DECORATED  
BY  
WHITELEYS

Wall Papers for Season “1920.”  
Inspection Invited.

WM. WHITELEY LTD. Queen’s Road, London, W.2  
Telephone: Park One. Telegrams: “Whiteley, London.”

## BURROW’S MALVERN WATERS

The perfection of ENGLISH TABLE WATERS.

BURROW’S MALVERN WATER (Still)  
The Purest Natural Spring Water.

BURROW’S MALVERN WATER (Sparkling)  
The Purest Natural Spring Water simply aerated.  
A Perfect Water for mixing with Spirits.

BURROW’S GINGER ALE, LEMONADE, TONIC WATER,  
Etc.

CROWNED  
WITH ROYAL  
PATRONAGE.

Mixes well  
with Wines  
and Spirits.

“Malvernina”  
An Alkaline Sparkling  
TABLE WATER

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the ages.

Obtainable in most Clubs, Restaurants, Buffets, Hotels, etc. If any difficulty in obtaining please write W. & J. BURROW, Ltd., The Springs, MALVERN;  
or Sales Management Offices, London Street, Paddington, London, W. Phone: Paddington 1810.

BY ROYAL



APPOINTMENT

**Carri's**

TABLE WATER BISCUITS

are the nicest of all ‘water’ biscuits. The public say so and they  
ought to know. A trial tin from your stores will appeal to you  
as it does to thousands of others.

CARR & CO., LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS, CARLISLE



BY APPOINTMENT.

TREDEGARS

Decorations Lighting  
Electric Light Fittings

5 & 7 BROOK STREET LONDON W 1

Tredegars, Ltd.

Mayfair 1032-1033

## "COUNTRY LIFE" HORTICULTURAL CATALOGUE GUIDE.

### NOTICE TO OUR READERS

IN order to avoid waste in the printing of catalogues, readers are advised to apply to the following firms for the catalogues they require. We therefore beg to point out that the undermentioned firms will be very pleased to send their useful catalogues to our readers free of charge on receipt of a post card.

#### FRUIT TREES & PLANTS

**JOHN WATERER, SONS & CRISP, Ltd.** Seeds, Seed Potatoes, Sweet Peas, Hardy Alpines, Perennials, Rhododendrons, C. c. & Rare Trees and Shrubs.  
**BAGSHOT, SURREY and TWYFORD, BERKS**

**J. CHEAL & SONS, Ltd.** Ornamental Nurseries  
**CRAWLEY**

**KELWAY & SON** Hardy Plants  
Retail Plant Department  
**LANGPORT, SOMERSET** Colour Borders, Gladioli

**G. BUNYARD & CO., Ltd.** Fruit Trees, Vines and Herbaceous Plants  
Royal Nurseries  
**MAIDSTONE**

#### SEEDS AND BULBS

**R. WALLACE & CO., Ltd.** Hardy Herbaceous Plants, Irises and Bulbs for Spring Planting.  
Kilnfield Gardens  
**COLCHESTER**

**CARTER PAGE & Co., Ltd.** Artichokes, Chrysanthemums, Pansies, A. p. and Herbaceous Violas, Tomatoes.  
52 & 53, London Wall,  
**LONDON, E.C. 2.**

#### GARDEN ARCHITECTURE

**R. WALLACE & CO. Ltd.** Landscape & Garden Architects. Queen Alexandra's Cup for Best Rock and Water Garden. International Show, 1912.  
**Kilnfield Gardens COLCHESTER**

By Appointment To His Majesty.  
**PULHAM & SON** Garden Craftsmen  
71, Newman Street, W. Rockworkers.  
Works: Broxbourne. 'Pulhamite' Stone  
Nurseries: Elsenham. Vases, Sundials, Fountains, etc.

#### GARDEN SUNDRIES

**WAKELEY BROS. & CO. Ltd.** Patented Hop Manure  
62, Bankside. The only reliable and complete substitute for Stable Manure.  
**LONDON, S.E.**  
Write for Booklet.

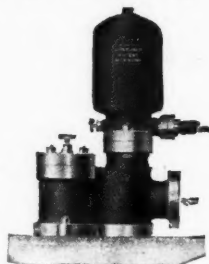
**GARDEN SUPPLIES Ltd.** All Garden Estate and Sport Requirements  
(BOUNDARY CHEMICAL CO.)  
Cranmer Street  
**LIVERPOOL.**

**FRANCIS BARKER, SUNDIAL HOUSE,** Makers and Restorers of Sundials.  
12, Clerkenwell Road, Unique collection of old Dials in stock.  
**LONDON, E.C.**  
Tel. No. 1: Central 1090.  
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE.

## WATER SUPPLY

BY

### BLAKE'S RAMS (Self-Acting Pumps)



RAM.

Raising Water for the Supply of Towns, Villages, Irrigation, Mansions, Farms, Cottages, etc., etc.

NO COAL, NO OIL, NO STEAM, NO LABOUR, NO COST FOR MOTIVE POWER. Has your Farm or House a bad or insufficient Water Supply? Are you pumping Water by hand at great labour?



IF SO, write for our 144 page Book No. 21, entitled "Estate Water Supply."

OUR RAMS ARE WORKING IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Ram supplying Farm and Cottages.

**JOHN BLAKE, Ltd., Accrington, England**  
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS.

## THE HARDY FLOWER BOOK

Book of Great Value to all Gardeners.

By E. H. Jenkins (a Member of the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society). With 50 Illustrations and beautiful coloured Frontispiece.

Price 3/2 net, by post 4d. extra.

Please write to-day for full particulars of this invaluable book and for illustrated prospectuses of some of the super-books in the "COUNTRY LIFE" Library, to The Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE" LIMITED, Tavistock Street, W.C. 2.

# Housing and Reconstruction

Concrete Machinery applied to

## HOUSING SCHEMES.

Use one of VICKERS Machines and MAKE YOUR OWN CONCRETE ROOFING TILES ON THE SITE.

Saves  
£30  
on an  
Average  
Cottage.

Waterproof.  
Light.  
Durable.  
Attractive.

### VICKERS LIMITED,

also manufacture Machines for producing CONCRETE BRICKS and CONCRETE SLABS.

Write for particulars to  
Vickers House,  
Concrete Machinery Department,  
Broadway,  
LONDON, S.W. 1.

## The Lister-Bruston

### Automatic Electric Lighting Plant

STARTS & STOPS ITSELF & SAVES BIG BATTERY LOSSES

Entirely British Made. Thousands in Use.

The "LISTER-BRUSTON" PLANT, which has stood the test of time, will not only provide you with the maximum of light at a minimum of cost, but also power, for pumping, cooking, vacuum cleaning and other purposes.

**THE BEST IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST**

Write for Catalogue to Sole Makers  
**R. A. LISTER & Co., Ltd., Dursley, Glos.**  
Established 1867. LONDON OFFICE  
(where Plants may be seen at Work).  
47, VICTORIA ST., WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.

*You simply switch on the Light!*

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLVII.—No. 1217.

SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1920.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING. POSTAGE EXTRA.  
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.

LADY CYNTHIA CURZON.

43 and 44, New Bond Street, W.



# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON: Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.  
Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2: Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Cynthia Curzon .. .. .	575, 576
The War on the House-Fly (Leader) .. .. .	576
Country Notes .. .. .	577
Song for a Child's Headache, by V. H. Friedlaender .. .. .	577
The Viking's Song, by M. G. Meugens .. .. .	578
The Strange River Craft of Mesopotamia, by Rowland Gorbald. (Illustrated) .. .. .	579
The Future of Methuol .. .. .	581
The Starling in the Woodpeckers' Nest. (Illustrated) .. .. .	582
In the Garden. (Illustrated) .. .. .	584
Country Home: Chevening.—III, by H. Avray Tipping. (Illustrated) .. .. .	586
Comfort .. .. .	593
Letters to Young Sportsmen: On Angling.—IV, by Horace G. Hutchinson. (Illustrated) .. .. .	594
Francis Harding: A Forgotten Painter of Architecture, by Hilda F. Finberg. (Illustrated) .. .. .	596
The French President as Biographer .. .. .	598
The Estate Market .. .. .	599
Correspondence .. .. .	600
Cambridge University Library (Arthur T. Bolton, F.S.A.); The Invention of the Blackboard; Farmer and Labourer; Nasturtiums and Woolly Aphis (M. J. E. Tilney); The Reputation of the Rook (Sir Douglas Owen, K.B.E.); Notes on the Cuckoo or Cuckoo (W. R. Mewburn); The Centenary of Arthur Young (N. G. L. Child); A Highland Type (F. Weston); Racing in Rhineland; The First Chestnut Tree to Bloom in England (L. F. Easterbrook); Individualism in Fowls; A Curious Scottish Dovecote (Arthur O. Cooke); Birds in a Parisian Garden (Thomas Poccell); The Effect of a Thunderstorm. .. .. .	602
Rebuilding a Country Inn. (Illustrated) .. .. .	603
Imperfections of Racing at Epsom (Illustrated) .. .. .	605
Imperial Airship Service, by Ward Muir. (Illustrated) .. .. .	606
From the Editor's Bookshelf .. .. .	606
Rackets, by F. B. Wilson .. .. .	607
Nature Notes. (Illustrated) .. .. .	608
The Golfing Battle of the Sexes, by Bernard Darwin .. .. .	608
Shooting Notes .. .. .	xcvi.
The Automobile World. (Illustrated) .. .. .	civ.
Educating the Farm Labourer. (Illustrated) .. .. .	cvi.
Millinery Modes: The Attractive Blouse. (Illustrated) .. .. .	cvi.
Lawn Tennis: What 1920 Has in Store, by F. R. Burrow .. .. .	cvi.
The Effect of Appropriate Jewellery .. .. .	cx.

## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## THE WAR ON THE HOUSE-FLY

THE British Museum (Natural History) is to be congratulated on the issue of its economic series of pamphlets, especially on the one most lately issued. It deals with the House-Fly and practical measures for its suppression, the writer being Major Austen, who has had the advantage of having experience on three fronts during the late war. He is thus enabled to consider the requirements of the Army as well as of the civil population. Every householder should acquire this, or some corresponding manual, so that he may deal intelligently and effectually with one of our most dangerous pests. He will find its natural history detailed here at great length, but the facts for him to remember are simple and few in number. We assume that he takes the trouble first of all to know the House-Fly so as to differentiate it from other and perhaps harmless species. Nothing could be better help in this than the pictures given on the first two pages of Major Austen's tract. One of the first problems arising is as to the disposal of the fly in winter. Many theories have been put forward. It used to be thought that the fly was dormant in winter and that it crept into some chink or corner when the cold weather came waking up again when summer

returned. Major Austen says that investigations "afforded no support whatever for the time-honoured hibernation theory in the case of the House-Fly," nor has he found evidence of House-Flies surviving until the following breeding season, however late they may be seen. This is the more likely because evidence points to the fly not being a native of this country, but of some warmer climate. He does not think that pupæ survive through the winter months nor that adult maggots do so. The announcement that a French naturalist has discovered House-Fly larvæ in living snails in winter he dismisses with the cautious remark that "at the time of writing, March, 1920, this remarkable discovery has not been confirmed in England."

A point on which there can be no dispute is that, however they spend the winter, flies appear in very small numbers early in the year. It is their fecundity that accounts for the swarms of them to be seen later. According to Major Austen three generations appear in the course of seven weeks, and, assuming that each female lays only a single batch of 120 eggs, instead of the usual five or six batches, and that all eggs laid are fertile, the progeny of the original female House-Fly will number 432,000. It seems to follow as an obvious conclusion that if a female fly is killed before she has begun to lay, you may reckon on at least half a million being slaughtered. The egg batch may very easily be 150 instead of 120, in which case the progeny would number 843,750 flies.

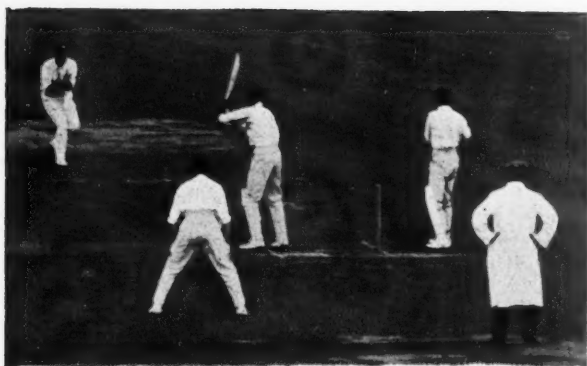
There is no need just now to dwell on the iniquities of these creatures, as we may assume our readers to know all about them. The hints given for the guidance of those who want to destroy them are sensible and pointed. The first is that it is better to prevent the House-Fly from breeding than to try to wipe out its progeny. Sanitary control, to be efficient, must debar House-Flies from having access to material containing, or possibly containing, the germs of disease. The campaign, then, must be waged against eggs, maggots and pupæ on the one hand and adult flies on the other, the war going on simultaneously on both fronts. The nature of the House-Fly demands that its breeding should be carried out under moist conditions, and the favourite place for the eggs to be laid is a heap of manure to which additions are continually being made. Major Austen somewhat hesitatingly recommends that the manure should be pressed down with a shovel so as to generate heat in it that will destroy living organisms. There was no need for the hesitancy at all. The old-fashioned farmer used to draw his wagons over the manure heap, and modern science shows that he was right. The experts at Rothamsted have conducted many experiments and carried out much investigation in this direction, and they insist that the best way of keeping manure, if it is out of doors, is by making it very compact. That compactness gives rise to fermentation which is fatal to the fly. On the whole, this seems to us a more practical proposal than that of collecting masses of eggs or trapping the adult and migrating maggots by means of special traps, or the addition of substances which prevent the hatching out of adult flies. Pressing down the manure would come in as an ordinary piece of agricultural practice, whereas the other remedies would require special attention. In the case of household refuse, the effective purifier is fire. A great many people, however, will continue to wage war on the adult fly because they have not realized their ravages until they find the house full of them. Hence the fly trap is as popular as ever it was. The old-fashioned glass bell trap baited with a mixture of sugar and beer and the more modern fly balloon of wire gauze, baited with sugar and cheese, moistened with water, will do their work well.

## Our Frontispiece

LADY CYNTHIA CURZON is the subject of the front full-page illustration in this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. She is the second daughter of Earl Curzon of Kedleston, and her engagement to Mr. Oswald Mosley, M.P., has recently been announced.

\* \* \* Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.





## COUNTRY NOTES

IF a weather forecast were drawn up from Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget it assuredly would be of a stormy character. He himself has undoubtedly gained in reputation as a fearless and honest politician who has endeavoured to bring the country face to face with its responsibilities. So far he is entitled to the greatest sympathy. On the other hand, the criticisms passed on the Budget seem to indicate a lack of resourcefulness on the part of its author. The Excess Profits Duty pleases nobody, and it is evident that the Corporation Tax is going to come in for much detailed and technical criticism. Brewers and distillers are enraged at what they consider a very stealthy approach on "pussyfoot" lines, and those who feel that the understanding with France should be maintained sympathise with the consternation which the new import duties have caused among our Allies. The prosperity of France depends, to a large extent, on her vineyards. One great market, the United States, has been closed, and another door has been, if not slammed, at least half shut in Great Britain. Mr. Chamberlain does not himself argue that the revenue to be obtained is of importance. His excuse for putting on the new duties was that it would be unfair to encourage the importation of light wines while the home-made spirits and beer are saddled with a burden which must inevitably decrease consumption. Mr. Chamberlain evidently has a difficult voyage to make before he wins through with his Budget in recognisable shape.

THERE was something large, antique and pagan in the feast with which the Society of St. George celebrated their patron's day. The brave old days seemed to be recalled by the table crowded with red and white roses and the carrying of the roast beef of Old England round the hall to the sound of drum and fife, under a guard of Beef-eaters and Grenadiers, while at the head of the procession, borne by a standard-bearer, who might have been Roman, was the Banner of St. George with its great red cross surmounted by a wreath of roses. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who presided, fell admirably into the spirit of the moment. His brief epitome of that portion of English history which made the English character was none the less to the point because of the witty and rollicking sallies with which it abounded. He had no difficulty in showing that the gallant race of men to which we belong is a compound of many races. The native Briton counts, perhaps, for less than any. It was out of a conglomerate of Saxon and Viking, Roman and Norman that the breed was welded. It has proved itself a stubborn breed, refusing to come under the yoke of any of the men or organisations who attempt to oppose it. Normans taught their language to us for three hundred years and we never learned it. Popes laid down the law about religion and education, with the Reformation as a result. Puritans sought to dominate the scene and we flung them aside as we had done the others.

IN each case the orange was sucked before it was thrown away. We have learned what we could from every race of man with whom we came into contact, but the

compound that we call the Englishman knew when he had enough of any one element. There was nothing wiser in Mr. Kipling's address than his insistence on the proverbial truth that men should not try to do better than good for fear lest worse than bad might follow. Very admirable was his informal comparison of the English of to-day with those of Queen Elizabeth's time. If the heroes by sea and land who fought the Spaniard and explored the new world were to come alive, they would recognise that although the war now concluded was on a greater scale than theirs had been, yet incidents and deeds were performed that would look to them as a natural outcome of the temperament which they have bequeathed to us, their followers and heirs. It was a manly and a good speech, without aggressiveness or boasting, and it would be well worth while to put it into the hands of every English schoolboy.

THE conference at San Remo met in political weather as cloudy as any that April brought, but it closed with blue sky and sunshine. Nothing is more likely to give satisfaction to the country than the information that steps are to be taken to fix the total amount of Germany's indebtedness. It was bad in every way that this question should remain open. The country would have perfect confidence in statesmen being able to fix upon a total that Germany should pay, and, if that were done, there would be no reluctance whatever to see that the promise was carried out. In all probability the Germans would make a vigorous effort to liquidate the debt if they had a chance of doing so within a reasonable time. France, after 1870, made an effort that astonished the world to get rid of the indemnity imposed by Germany. The latter country, at any rate, has a chance of tackling the subject in earnest when the indemnity is defined and the times of payment settled. It is also to the advantage of lucidity in our own financial arrangements that we should know what is to be received from the enemy.

### SONG FOR A CHILD'S HEADACHE.

Snowdrops, daffodils, primroses and violets—  
Cool word, clear word, dewy word and sweet;  
Think them and see them; say them over drowsily;  
Feel them on your hot head and dabble with your feet!

White-hooded snowdrops—white and gold and apple-green;  
Wet, wild daffodils tossing by the stream;  
Daffies' wings to fan you; and was there ever anything  
Cool as a snowdrop, even in a dream?

Spilt in the young grass (like a fairy paper-chase)  
Primroses twinkle; add them to the cure,  
With one white violet, like a garden far away;  
First you think you smell it—and then you're not so sure!

Snowdrops, daffodils, primroses and violets—  
Heap them on your pillow together anyhow;  
Cool hooded snowdrops . . . wet wild daffodils . . .  
One white violet . . . and is it better now?

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

WHOEVER objects to the increased import tax on foreign wines it will not be the cider makers of the West of England if they consult their own interests. Despite the handicap imposed by war, Mr. T. B. Barker, who sends a comprehensive report on the National Fruit and Cider Institute to the "Journal of the Bath and West," is able to say that the position of this organisation is stronger to-day than in 1914. Those who are interested in cider will find a great deal of most valuable information in his notes. But the point we wish to make is more on the general question. Cider is the wine of England. The best quality of it is as good as what we may call the household wine of any Continental country. We do not compare it to a rare port or a fine champagne, a dinner claret or a burgundy. But these always have been luxuries and are going to become still rarer luxuries in the future. Cider is a wholesome and palatable substitute for any of the light wines which are commonly used at the luncheon table. By modern scientific methods the process of manufacture has been greatly improved and is capable of further improvement. Orchards in the West Country do indeed want renovating and, in many

cases, replanting at a greater rate than is being done at present. If those who control the cider-making industry take full account of the position and prospects of their trade they will find in it an opportunity for ever-widening expansion—an expansion that would be of incalculable benefit to the consumers.

ANYONE walking through Covent Garden just now will be surprised at the quantity of vegetables from France and Holland now on sale. A study of the cargo boats would lead to the same conclusion, namely, that growers on the other side of the Channel, with no better a climate or facilities than we have, are, to a large extent, supplying the English markets from their gardens. This does not look at all as if the producers in this country were waking up to their responsibility for intensifying cultivation so as to supply the home population with all the food that can possibly be grown in these islands. There is no question about the skill of our own gardeners. They can do anything in their profession as well as the gardeners of any other country. Yet they certainly do not succeed in obtaining as much produce from the soil as the market gardeners, say, of Antwerp. The moral might be pointed more effectively by a true story. Last summer in Antwerp the writer of this note accompanied a friend who had employed during a part of the war one of these Antwerp gardeners, greatly to his satisfaction and apparently to that of the man. The object was to get him to return to England. Were it permissible to mention the name of the English employer it would be known at once that money was no object. Yet the man, out of a very small garden close to Antwerp, was making so good an income that he could not be induced to give it up. Is it not strange that gardeners on the Continent can become rich by growing ordinary table vegetables and sending them for sale to London?

IT has become almost an article of faith to describe our English open fireplace as a contrivance in which ninety-five per cent. of the heat goes up the chimney and only five per cent. passes into the room for our bodily comfort. But now comes the Fuel Research Board with a report, issued last week, in which this condemnation is described as "quite unsupported by the facts," the "facts" having been determined by a series of tests by Dr. Margaret Fishenden of the Manchester Air Pollution Board. From this careful examination the open fireplace emerges with something of a halo of efficiency, inasmuch as we are assured that its radiant value can well be twenty-five per cent., "while with fires of low-temperature coke in the same grate, and burning under the same conditions, this amounts to 31 to 34 per cent." In addition, the open fire must be credited "with heat conducted, radiated and convected from the fireplace, chimney and walls; so that instead of the loss by the chimney of 92 to 95 per cent., probably not more than 30 to 40 per cent. escapes, 60 to 70 per cent. being used in warming the room itself and the general fabric of the building." There is, of course, plenty of need for improvement in the open fireplace, more particularly in adapting it to burn smokeless fuel, but one must confess to a certain sense of satisfaction in finding a goodly measure of blessing showered officially on a much-loved and much-abused feature of our house arrangements.

SMITH'S victory over Newman in the semi-final of the Billiards Championship was a fine illustration of the fact that "it's dogged as does it." Newman has been wonderfully brilliant all through the season, leaving one adversary after another toiling hopelessly in his wake, and he started this particular match as if he were going away once more in that irresistible manner of his. But in all games a player is apt to play just as well as his opponent will let him. Smith stuck to his man grimly, wore him down, caught him, and finally sailed in a comfortable, nay an easy, winner. Smith seems to have something of the gifts and manner of play of an Inman, an imperturbable tenacity and a power of "pegging away" with moderate but wonderfully consistent breaks, rather than enormous ones with lean intervals between. It is noteworthy that Inman has a great admiration for his game and prophesied

that he would beat Newman and win the Championship. The first part of the prophecy has been fulfilled; it remains to be seen what Stevenson has to say to the second.

THE Public School Racquets Tournament is one that in the nature of the game can be seen but by comparatively few people, but it rouses wide interest among old boys because it is almost the only athletic competition of the year in which all the public schools are pitted against one another. This year it was generally expected that Wellington and Eton would meet in the final, but the Malvern pair had a word to say as to this. First they knocked Wellington out of the semi-final and then disposed of Eton; it was a very fine win. It seems odd to see Malvern winning without a single Foster to help them do it. That famous family have a great record. First H. K. and W. L., the two elder brothers, won together; next Basil Foster with the late W. H. B. Evans; and finally the two youngest brothers, M. K. and N. J. A. In a few more years the next generation of the family may be adding to this record, for racquets is a game in which the old names periodically recur. This year saw Harrow represented by two Crawleys, both young players. Two Garnetts have won for Charterhouse, and there was a third one this year. It adds a flavour of pleasant sentiment to the competition.

#### THE VIKING'S SONG.

Give me the voice of the sea,  
Give me the call of the gale!  
White is our foam track behind us,  
White in the moonlight the sail.  
Never, never, shall land hold me,  
While I can steer through the gale!

Shields in the sunlight burning,  
Oars dripping gold in the light!  
Surf in the distance at daybreak,  
Red is the glare of the fight.  
Never, never, shall land hold me,  
While on the sea there is light!

Give me the curve of the sail,  
Give me the cry of the gale!

M. G. MEUGENS.

IT does not happen in many years that the hawthorn is full out in April. Indeed, the years are numerous in which there is reason to contest the name of "May" being applied to it because it is not in flower till June. But this year within a few miles of London it could be seen in full bloom on April 24th. It was not a mere scrap of blossom, but a whole tree, covered lavishly with it. Nor was the tree in a garden. It grew wild at the edge of a fir plantation, and no doubt the protection added something to the earliness. It is not by any means put forward as a record, though we hope the mention of this occurrence will induce someone to say what is the earliest date in spring at which hawthorn has been found in full bloom within twenty miles of London. The situation, be it noted, was twenty miles north of London.

SOMERSET has discovered an original form of War memorial. It is a fire to be lit on the Mendip Hills and never allowed to go out. We are told that the committee appointed to consider the question in answer to a request for suggestions received great numbers, but this one appealed more than all the others. A perpetual fire does indeed strike the imagination as a fine memorial of sacrifice. But the mundane question arises, will it never go out? It is our firm belief that as long as this nation lasts appreciation of the sacrifice made by our citizen soldiers in the Great War will go on increasing rather than diminishing. The passage of time will only brighten the halo of romance round them. But that does not prevent us remembering that a memorial of any kind which depends upon regular attention will at some time or other wear an aspect of neglect. What is everybody's business will become nobody's business, and if it were possible, through a spiritual or any other agency, to look forward for five hundred years there is cause for reasonable doubt as to whether the fire would be alight or not.



# THE STRANGE RIVER CRAFT OF MESOPOTAMIA

BY ROWLAND GORBOLD.



MAHEILEHS WAITING FOR A BREEZE.

**I**N all countries, especially those that remain in anything like a natural condition, rivers are the great highways; and though railways and roads scar the faces of most lands, the great rivers of the world will always be the arteries of the commercial life of a nation. Rivers serve other useful purposes; they drain and fertilise the land. Were it not for the Nile, the whole of North Africa would have been a

great Sahara, and but for the Tigris and the Euphrates, Nineveh and Babylon would never have existed. These empires have passed away, and the once proud cities are now only mounds of rubbish; but the rivers remain, and the ancient form of navigation is still in existence. Keleks—rafts floated on inflated skins—still float down from Mosul to Baghdad, just as depicted on the ancient sculptures that have been brought to Europe



GHUFAS BEING RE-COATED WITH BITUMEN.





CROSSING A RIVER ON INFLATED SKINS.



CONSTRUCTING A KELEK.

and placed in our museums. A kelek is very simply built. First a framework of light poles is tied together with cords. The poles are rough pieces of wood straight from the trees. The sheepskins that are used for the floats are taken from the animal in a most surprising manner, for the only holes that are seen are the six where the legs, tail and neck have come through. These holes are firmly tied up and the skins are roughly tanned. When all is ready they are blown up by a kelekji through a hollow reed inserted into one of the legs. The legs are convenient for attaching to the wooden framework. A good-sized raft would contain 400 to 500 skins, and the largest have as many as 800 and can carry 35 to 40 tons. The inflating of all

these skins is no light task, and before the raft starts on its voyage care is taken to see that there are no leakages. A 200-skin raft measures 29ft. by 20ft. On top of the framework a rough floor is made from logs sawn in half, and a hut is built as a protection from the sun. The merchandise is piled up neatly for the journey, and sometimes passengers are carried. The raft floats down with the current, and is kept in mid-stream by means of two long rough sweeps. A well constructed kelek is practically unsinkable, but sometimes a few of the skins have to be re-inflated before the journey is finished. On arrival at Baghdad, after its journey of 270 miles from Mosul, the raft is broken up and the deflated skins are carried back to Mosul on the backs of donkeys, and the timber, being very scarce in Baghdad, is sold at a good profit. Inflated skins are used by individuals for crossing the river. Two skins are used, and the swimmer paddles along with his legs, the upper part of his body



KELEK READY TO START FOR BAGHDAD.

resting high and dry out of the water. This, again, is a custom as old as Nineveh, and in the British Museum there is a very excellent specimen of carving showing fugitives crossing a river on inflated skins in the days of Ashur-nasir-pal.

The ghufa or quffeh, if anything, is more ancient still, for it dates back to the time before the Flood, and the Babylonian "deluge tablets" picture Shamashapastim (the Babylonian Noah) sailing a gigantic ghufa 140 cubits in diameter—rather different from the orthodox conception of Noah's ark. It is the simplest form of coracle-shaped craft, really a strong wickerwork basket thickly coated with bitumen. The smallest are only 4ft. in diameter, and carry four or five passengers, whereas the largest will support twenty or more, and often carry horses and donkeys across the river. Two men with rough paddles usually propel this strange craft, and they will cross the river in a straight line without revolving in spite of the swiftness of the stream. Against the current they are rather useless, and have to be towed.

The shakhturs have, without a doubt, developed from the ghufa. They are flat-bottomed, blunt-ended oblong boats about 19ft. long and 8ft. wide. The bottoms are made from tree-trunks sawn in half, and the ends and sides of planks nailed to rough ribs—a very primitive and clumsy method of ship-building. Again bitumen is used to make them watertight. These craft are more in use on the Euphrates than the Tigris. They only draw 1½ft. of water when loaded. They are moved by clumsy sweeps pulled in the bow, or, rather, whichever end happens to be the front, and if there is any wind they are very



A SHAKHTŪR AND ITS PASSENGERS.



SHAKHTŪRS AND GHUFAS AT THE BANK.

unmanageable. The stately mabeilehs with their great sails and high bows and sterns are very different craft. They travel between Basra and Baghdad, and even down the Shatt-el-Arab to the sea, and before the War they formed the chief means of transport. The largest carry anything up to 100 tons of cargo, or sixty passengers when packed, as Arabs do not mind being packed. They are sailed with considerable skill up a river that is very difficult to navigate, and are the

only pleasing feature in that awful 500 miles of flat desert and muddy river between Basra and Baghdad.

Basra and Ashar Creek might be called the Venice of Asia—until the tide goes out, then the illusion is over. The bellums, very narrow boats 20ft. long and only 3ft. wide, undoubtedly are the chief cause of the illusion. They are lightly made, and are poled along at a very rapid rate by two men in great style. The bellumji is a fine figure of a man, dressed in a long flowing robe of white or some bright colour, a long pole in his hand that reaches to the bottom of the creek. One stands at the bows and the other a few feet from the stern. Each plunges his pole to the bottom, then with a sweep of the shoulders he turns and runs down the side of the boat for a few feet, lifts his pole as he turns once more and paces back to his first position.



A GHUFA IN MID-STREAM.

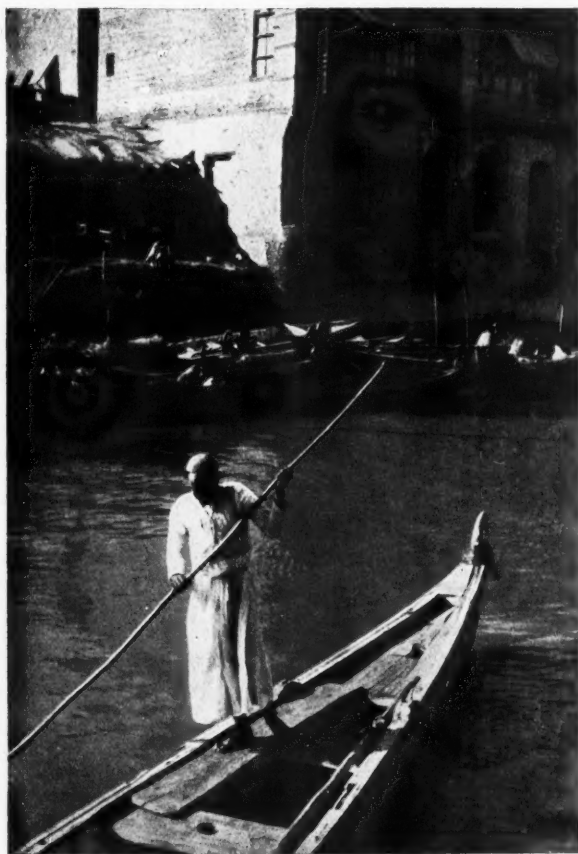
The whole movement, occupying but a few seconds, is as graceful as that of a gondolier.

## THE FUTURE OF METHWOLD

ALIGHT and not altogether satisfactory account is given in the mid-April number of the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture describing what has been done at Methwold, the scene of the reclamation by Dr. Edwards. Last year the Government purchased an estate of over fifteen hundred acres which will henceforth be known as the National Demonstration Farm of the Ministry. Already one thousand and forty-three acres are under arable, forty-three acres under grass, and four hundred and forty-one are waste heath. The estate is described as "a stretch of typical Norfolk heathland in a poor state of cultivation and in the past has been largely devoted to game." It includes the two hundred acres of land reclaimed by Dr. Edwards. The Ministry intends to continue the work of reclaiming the bracken lands, but no particulars are given of the system on which they are going to proceed. Chalk, they say, is going to form a principal part in the improvement of the land. Organic matter will be supplied by folding sheep and ploughing in manure. In regard to folding sheep it must be remembered that this forms an integral part of the system which has been pronounced a failure on the light lands of Norfolk. Presumably the sheep will be folded on roots, and as this is an expensive crop to grow, while the manure made is open to depreciation in value by sun and wind, it takes a smart farmer to make any money out of it. About a year ago we published a summary of the lament made by the landowners in this part of the world, who say that under existing conditions they cannot cultivate the land at a profit.

The Ministry seems to place a good deal of hope in the cultivation of tobacco, and it will be interesting to hear what success they achieve. Last year, when in Belgium, we had experience of the tobacco grown and manufactured in that country. It was a case of either people taking it into their own hands or doing without smoking, as none could be imported. The tobacco varied very much in quality. The first sample we got was difficult even to give away, but some given to the writer at Namur proved to be well cured and excellent in flavour; it was produced from plants grown in an ordinary garden. Other points that the Ministry promises to demonstrate on this new property are enumerated. Among them is pig breeding and rearing on the open-air system, stock rearing and poultry keeping.

We are told that it is hoped to gain valuable information as to the possibilities alike in large scale farming and in small holdings, as it is assumed that the light and early character of the land would render it especially suitable for small arable dairy holdings, more or less on the lines of Danish farming. No doubt arable dairy farming is promising at the present



A BELLUM: THE GONDOLA OF ASIA.



moment owing to the very high prices brought by dairy products. Nobody can wish, however, that these should continue for any great length of time, as these prices are having the effect of interfering with the consumption of fresh milk and butter to the detriment of the health of poorer people. At any rate, it does not at all follow that a close imitation of the Danish system is the best for Norfolk. The nearest parallel to it that we can think of is the Campine district, which stretches, roughly speaking, from Antwerp to Utrecht. It consists for the

most part of low-lying heath land with a very wet subsoil, and both owners and people of the labouring class are very keen on taking in hand its reclamation for their own benefit. They go in mostly for mixed husbandry, and certainly are earning more money than men in a similar position in any country in the world. Sheep are vetoed on the ground that it is very difficult to make a profit out of them. There are several dairy farms which succeed very well, but most flourishing are those which grow the ordinary farm crops or vegetables for household use.

## THE STARLING IN THE WOODPECKERS' NEST

**I**N a small, weather-beaten ash, one of a little group of trees, a pair of green woodpeckers chose to tunnel out a dwelling house. The choice rested on the clever recognition of the withered core; the bark and outer layer of hard wood yielded to the blows delivered by the tempered pickaxe of a bill, the softer core ripped more easily, and soon from the straight, inward running passage a gallery ran down and widened out to make a flask-shaped home.

That was a year ago, and now the birds return in the new spring to the same copse. They come too late; the old home,

assiduously hewn, is tenanted, as so many fresh and old holes are, by a noisy pair of starlings. Perhaps forgetful of their greater strength, perhaps lacking courage or desire to evict the unwelcome trespassers, the peckers bore anew. They will not leave the old tree, even though they may not occupy the old hole. A new tunnel is started some four or five feet higher up the bole, and before long a pile of chips, some sappy, though more of tinder, marks the base of the tree. The new home is finished as the lady starling lays the last of her four sky-blue eggs; she sits, while up above her in the next storey, the glossy



THE PECKER FIXING HIS EYE ON THE WOOD.



THE STARLING: A SINUOUS CURVE.



A NOISY NEIGHBOUR



SCREAMING AT THE PECKER. A





THE GRIP OF THE STARLING.



THE PECKER ABOUT TO DIVE WITHIN.

white eggs of the woodpecker are dropped one by one. Strange neighbours these; the tenants of the upper flat a shy, dignified and aristocratic pair; the tenants of the lower flat a pair of cheeky and incessant chatterboxes.

It was in these early days we came upon them, and in those which followed we spent many hours watching the birds; the woodpeckers constantly resplendent in their clothing of apple green and crimson; the starlings in their dingy garb of black, but putting on to greet the sun a store of bright jewels of bronze, of flashing green and brilliant purple.

Man and wife at the upper nest took their turn at sitting. At a change the one bird would call a loud message from a distant tree, would soon alight upon the ash, in general on the side most hid from view and, hopping down and sideways, the body always held erect, would come to the hole uttering curiously soft notes. At the sign out would spring the mate, the time of freedom come, and after brief hesitation the



THE GREEN WOODPECKER SHOWING HER CHEQUERED FEATHERS.

newcomer's head would vanish into the hole, the body quickly following.

The woodpecker's feet and tail are built to climb and hold to the rough bark. The foot has two toes in front and two behind to give a firmer grip; the feathers of the tail are stiff and, driven down against the bark, serve as an efficient prop on which the body's weight may rest. These pointed feathers bend a little with the strain, as our illustrations clearly show. When agitated the bird will droop the wings and so display the chequered vanes of the first wing feathers.

The starling, like all perching birds, has three toes in front and one behind; his tail is short and pliable, yet in clinging he uses both his feet and tail, much as does the woodpecker, and obtains a fair purchase for a time. But he will not dance along the bark, nor will he cling for very long; the tail is but a frail support, the weight falls on the muscles of the legs.

When the young of both nests were hatched the starlings came each few minutes to the tree, their mouths crammed with

fat grubs. A single call while perched in a neighbouring tree, a quick flight, a grip at the hole, the head turned to scold for a brief second, and in the starling popped, hurriedly to feast the young. The woodpeckers came at distant intervals, an hour or sometimes more elapsing; they held nothing in their mouths, but food in their crops. The young were fed in silence and away from view. After the meal a head would jerk forward from the hole, the jaw moving a little and rhythmically; the bird glancing round and jerking back to brood or flying out for extra provender. While sitting or while brooding the old peckers would show their faces in the hole just for a moment at a noise



THE STARLING BRINGING A FAT GRUB.

in the wood. The cracking of a twig the scream of the starling would often bring the crimson head up and out to fix the stare of an almost white eye on the wood. The starlings were regarded haughtily, though, in coming to the hole, one or other of the peckers would sometimes sidle to the lower hole and peep sheepishly within.

The starling's head was in and out the whole of the later days, sometimes bending its neck in sinuous curves, more often with beak opened in a wide gape, from which would issue forth a stream of

angry curses at the wood in general or, if the showed itself, at the red cap in particular.

A. L. T. L. AND T. L.

## IN THE GARDEN

### THE HEATH GARDEN.

IT is a good thing that hardy heaths are being cultivated more freely, for they flower abundantly in almost every soil, and, with the exception of those from southern climes, they are as hardy as Shetland ponies. Light and air are their chief needs. Moreover, they require very little attention beyond cutting over the tops after flowering. This is quite a simple matter, and some of the lower-growing heaths can be clipped over with shears after flowering. Beyond this there is very little to do in cultivating heaths, but an annual dressing of leaf-mould over the surface of the soil will be found beneficial. They thrive in practically all soils—loam, sand, gravel, peat and even stiff clay, so long as it is well drained. Wherever rhododendrons grow heaths are sure to flourish. The only soils on which heaths are not a success are limestone or chalky soils. It is almost hopeless to establish a heath

garden in very chalky soil. But there is at least one heath that flourishes in limestone, and that is the most beautiful of all hardy winter heaths, viz., the Alpine forest heath, *Erica carnea*. The flowers are of bright rose colour, their full beauty being revealed in early spring. It is still carpeting banks with a profusion of rose red flowers. This accommodating heath is one of the prettiest of the family, and will flourish anywhere. It thrives in the middle of the Cotswolds, where the soil is nothing but limestone. This is a point worth noting, and those who have not been successful in the cultivation of heaths should not despair before giving *Erica carnea* a trial. It is a low-growing species, not exceeding 6 ins. in height, and, when established, never fails to give a carpet of bloom from January to early May. One of the most beautiful of the hardy heaths now flowering is the Portuguese heath, *Erica lusitanica*, an erect bush 3 ft. or 4 ft. high, of plumose habit. It has been flowering since February,

CORNISH HEATH (*ERICA VAGANS*) AT BROCKHURST, EAST GRINSTEAD.



and is likely to continue for a few weeks more. *Erica mediterranea* is now in full flower. It has a dense bushy form, and will grow from 6ft. to 10ft. high, making a capital subject for an informal hedge, although seldom grown that way. Of the spring flowering heaths it is the finest for a town garden. It is quite hardy. The flowers are of a rich rosy red, providing a continuous feast of colour and fragrance for two or three months. It is a native of southern France, Spain and County Galway in Ireland, and, curiously enough, does not occur in the Mediterranean region in spite of its name. This heath must not be confused with the early flowering *Erica mediterranea hybrida*, and now known as *Erica Darleyensis*, which is one of the best hardy heaths in January, making a neat tuft of green branching stems only a modest 6ins. or so high, which from December to February are smothered with bright rose pink flowers. In many gardens it provides the only flowers in the open at that season.

The great charm of the heath garden is that it provides flowers the whole year round. Is there any other genus in the plant world from which flowers may be gathered every day in the year in an English garden? I think not.

#### A SUSSEX HEATH GARDEN.

The accompanying illustrations give a fair impression of Mr. F. J. Hanbury's heath garden at Brockhurst, East Grinstead. This heath garden is situated on the summit of a hill from which



THE WAY THROUGH THE HEATH GARDEN.

the naturally undulating ground slopes by fairly steep descent to the south-west. It is an open, sunny place from which one sees in the distance the Ashdown Forest. The light soil is over sandstone rock, and is admirably adapted to heath growing. There are a large number of heaths in the collection. Each variety is planted in a large clump, and well worn grass tracks wind between the banks of heather. It is a medley of heath such as one seldom sees, and the appearance is as if all had grown there naturally. The Cornish heath, said to have been introduced to this garden forty years ago, flourishes in various parts of the ground, and forms dense banks on either side of the carriage drive—a striking feature of the garden in autumn when it makes a thick carpet of purplish rose flowers. It is appropriately named *Erica vagans*, meaning the Wandering Heath, for it is seen in its happiest mood when encroaching over the garden pathway, or spreading among pines, arbutuses, tree heaths and other tall-growing trees and shrubs. In a like manner it spreads over the moorlands of Cornwall and Ireland.

Other heaths which are among the glories of Brockhurst later in the year are the Irish heath, with crimson, purple and white flowers, also the Dorset heath, which carries on the flowering season to September and October. The Dorset heath is *Erica ciliaris*, a straggling heath less than 1ft. high with rosy red flowers. The rather uncommon white form known as *Erica ciliaris alba*, is one of the treasures of Brockhurst, and is there grown with marked success.

No heath garden can be considered complete without our little native cross-leaved heather *Erica Tetralix*, and even the common Ling has its uses. Hardy blooms associate with heather, and the early pale yellow *Cytisus praecox* looks extremely well among flowering heaths at the present time.

#### WHITE HEATHER.

Just one word in conclusion. I would like to ask if any reader can tell how and when white heather came to be regarded as the symbol of good fortune and luck. So far my search through books on flower lore has been unsuccessful, but there must I think, have been some definite story or tradition attached to white heather and its meaning.

#### HOT-WATER TREATMENT FOR DAFFODIL DISEASE.

For the last four or five years daffodil growers have complained bitterly about a disease of daffodils usually referred to as *Fusarium*. The disease played havoc with the daffodil-growing industry in Lincolnshire, and had reached its worst in 1916, when Mr. J. K. Ramsbottom returned to Wisley and took up the study of the disease on behalf of the Royal Horticultural Society. One of the first things discovered was that the disease was not due to the fungus *fusarium*, but to a minute pest known as eelworm (*Tylenchus devastatrix*). It is found that when a

diseased bulb is planted the eelworms escape from the bulb to the soil and from thence to neighbouring plants, attacking the leaves as they emerge from the bulb and producing spotted foliage; these affected plants give rise to twisted and contorted growths the following year. In a badly diseased bulb the base separates from the scale leaves, and it is not uncommon to find swarms of eelworms hanging from the rupture like a tuft of cotton-wool. This was explained by Mr. Ramsbottom at a lecture recently given before the Horticultural Club. Attempts were made to kill eelworm with a long array of chemical soluticns, but these were unsuccessful owing to the failure of the poisons to enter the bulb. It was found out in laboratory that heat was what the eelworm abhorred. Experiments were therefore set on foot to ascertain what was the highest temperature bulbs would stand and what was the lowest that would destroy eelworms. As a result of a long series of experiments carried out not only in laboratory but also on a commercial scale, Mr. Ramsbottom found that soaking narcissus bulbs in water at a constant temperature of 110° Fahr. for three hours kills all eelworms in the bulbs, and if the treatment is carried out in July, August or September, the bulb suffers no ill effects. The discovery is remarkable, for in the short space of four years an absolute and practicable cure has been established for one of the most threatening diseases of plant life in modern times, and the daffodil-growing industry is saved from ruin.

H. C.





**S**PEAKING in the House of Lords in 1734, Lord Chesterfield, not an habitual eulogist, said of his cousin, the first Earl Stanhope, that he had been

As able and honest a minister as ever served the Crown, who had the happiness of his country so much at heart, that he had neglected his own, and left little else to his son but the honour of having a seat among their Lordships.

The son was at that time just coming of age, and the family finances, which (though not quite so slender as the wealthy head of the Stanhopes made out) may have been somewhat strained by the purchase and alterations of Chevening, had recovered during a long minority. The young earl was thus able immediately to establish himself at the hitherto little occupied seat and complete its furnishing. In 1736 his account book shows the following payments:

July 15	To William Bradshaw on $\frac{1}{2}\%$ of Furniture .. ..	£	s.	d.
	„ 20 Paid Bradshaw on $\frac{1}{2}\%$ Furniture .. ..	200	0	0
		1000	0	0

Further detail would be interesting as enabling us to identify the pieces and sets. Of the latter, the gilt set in the tapestry

room belongs to this date. The knee has the "red Indian" mask which—as an occasional alternative to that of the lion found on the chest stand illustrated last week and on the apron of the side table in the hall (Fig. 11)—occurs also on gilt furniture at Houghton, the furnishing of which was being completed when the second Earl Stanhope came of age. The Chevening set (Fig. 9) consists of two settees, 3ft. 6ins. wide, and eight chairs. In the same room, between the windows, are two eagle console tables such as were already fashionable under Queen Anne, and may therefore have belonged to the first earl. The "french" feet of a mahogany set (Fig. 10), composed of large sofa and ten chairs, place it rather later than the payments of Bradshaw, as this form was the new fashion when Chippendale published his "Director" in 1754. The coverings are of French tapestry of excellent quality and in admirable condition. Crisp and brilliant is the colouring of the flowers that surround the clear canary yellow ground of the bird panels. A payment for furniture in 1751 may refer to this set. In his book on Beauvais tapestries M. Hinart illustrates "Fauteuils aux Oiseaux," of which sets were produced closely resembling

the Chevening model, but with a different framing to the bird panels. Looking-glasses of Early Georgian type are also well represented at Chevening. The one in the red bedroom has a female mask backed by an enormous shell as its top central motif. Others, in the drawing-room and in the Chatham Room (Fig. 5), are very like, but have a panel with letters in cypher. They are over 8ft. high and under 3ft. wide—of that tall, narrow type intended for between windows, which began under William III and continued into Early Hanoverian days.

The second Earl Stanhope was a capable but retiring man, disliking public life, and when, on rare occasions, he addressed the House of Lords, his speech, carefully prepared and vigorously phrased, was delivered "with great tremblings and agitations." Essentially a student, his education had been framed on classic and literary lines by Lord Chesterfield, to whom it had been confided. But mathematics, though forbidden by his mentor, were his bent, and he has been called the "best mathematician in England of his day." He was elected to the Royal Society when he came of age, but, on the score of his "slender and declining abilities," he refused the Presidency in 1772. For ten years after he came of age his twin sister kept house for him at Chevening; and then, as Horace Walpole tells us, he "lifted up his eyes from Euclid and directed them to



Copyright.

1.—FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



2.—THE LAKE, LYING SOUTH OF THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.





Copyright.

3.—A BEDROOM HUNG WITH A CHINESE PAPER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, LOOKING NORTH.  
Gainsborough's portrait of Lord Chesterfield is over the chimneypiece.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



matrimony." As a rule careful in expenditure and plain in dress, he felt that on the occasion of his wedding with Grisel Hamilton in 1745 he must let himself go, and he paid £30 for gold lace and £42 for embroidering a suit. But he did not, as was to be expected, refill his wardrobe and hand his cast-offs to his valet, for we find the item:

To Andrew Desert in  
lieu of some cloaths  
which I wear on .. 21 00 00

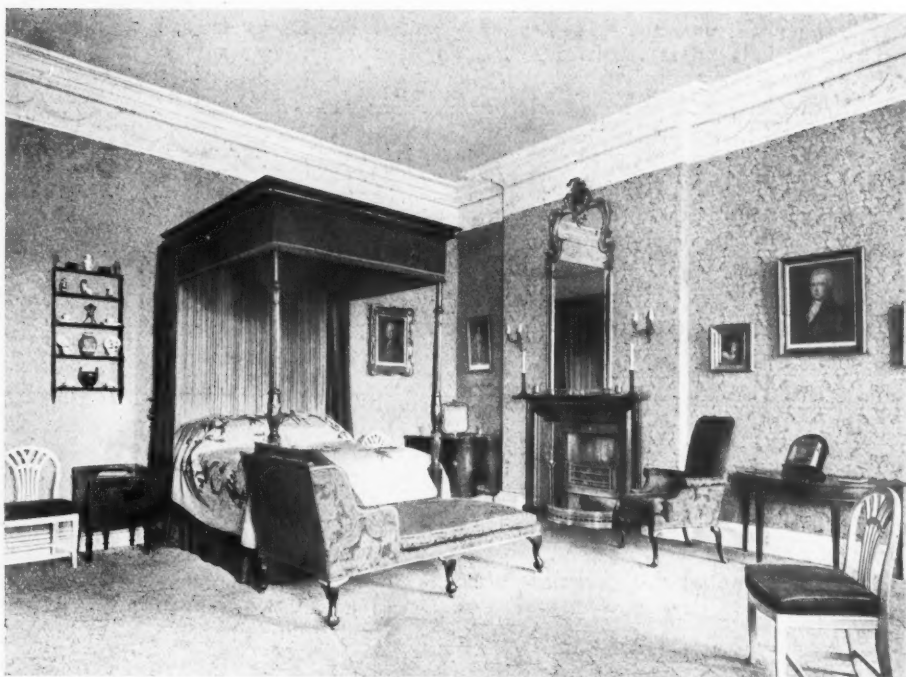
Thus began a happy married life extending to forty-one years, and on the death of the husband the widow retired to Ovenden, on the edge of Chevening Park, where she watched the careers of her son and grandchildren, retaining her faculties and writing a firm hand when she was ninety; so that she was well remembered by Mr. Waring—son of her local business man—who, within the last quarter of the nineteenth century, used to speak of her life at Ovenden to the present Lady Stanhope, whose intimate knowledge of the Stanhopes and their home is the source of all these details.

To Philip and his wife Grisel two rather delicate sons were born. The elder, while at Eton, showed a tendency to consumption, and for the sake of the purer air and the treatment of the then celebrated Docteur Tronchin his parents took him to Geneva, where his father had been partly educated. There he died in 1763, and Lord and Lady Stanhope only came home to Chevening for a short while, and then returned to Switzerland with Charles, their precious and only surviving

child. To Chevening during that short stay came Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, who writes in June, 1764:

I have been making a very melancholy visit to the country to my old and best friends, Lady Stanhope and her family. 'Tis a last farewell to those worthy people with whom I have passed the greatest and much the most agreeable part of my life.

The stay at Geneva lasted ten years, during which there is a constant flow of letters between Lady Stanhope and Lady Chatham. The Chathams lived much at Hayes, between Chevening and London, and while Hayes was being repaired



Copyright.

5.—THE CHATHAM BEDROOM.  
Occupied by Lord and Lady Chatham in 1769.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—THE SEGMENTAL GALLERY.  
It connects the library in the west pavilion with the main block.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in 1669 Chevening was lent to them, Chatham having in the previous year retired from office. Landscape gardening was a pursuit he indulged in whenever he had the opportunity, and the new road he planned up the park at Chevening became known as "Lord Chatham's Ride." Thus we find him writing, in October, to Lady Stanhope:

I have the pleasure to confirm, what your Ladyship has heard, that a way is found through the valley by the park-farm, which will gain the ascent so imperceptibly, that all the hill, in effect, vanishes; this road would, I dare say, be made perfectly good for coaches for thirty pounds. I have examined very attentively the course it should run, and I will venture to pronounce, that the approach from the London side to Chevening, from the point where you would leave the Sundridge road, is (at the same time that the descent is so soft, one may trot up and down) the most beautiful approach to any place in England.

—opposite the fireplace—hangs Hudson's portrait of Lady Chatham, Lady Stanhope's correspondent now and for many years to come. Of the great statesman himself a portrait hangs in the drawing-room (Fig. 4). Soon after he had returned to Hayes from Chevening in November, 1769, his Countess received a letter from Lady Stanhope asking for her help to persuade her husband

to do me the honour and pleasure of setting for his picture, for Chevening. . . . I ask this favour of Lord Chatham not only out of esteem, regard and affection for him, all of which are very strong motives, but from a little vanity in being related to him. . . . I know 'tis a terrible operation, but if he knew the pleasure it will give us all, I do not think he will refuse.

It would appear that he did not refuse but procrastinated, for it is the autumn of 1772 before news comes to Geneva that the portrait is painted and is "so like."

Before attacking Lord Chatham on this subject she had succeeded in capturing a still more refractory sitter. Lord Chesterfield, now old, infirm and deaf, was spending the autumn of 1769 at Bath, and thence writes to a correspondent: "I am turned of seventy-six, a sufficient distemper itself, and moreover attended with all the usual complaints of old age; the most irksome of them all to me is that my eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write or read as I used to do which were my only comforts." Such Gainsborough represents him in the portrait which is set above the drawing-room mantelpiece, as to which Lady Stanhope writes, as an inducement to Lord Chatham to do likewise: "'Tis a mark of friendship that Lord Chesterfield has most readily (and most unwillingly) shown me lately by setting to Gainsborough at Bath, which is, I hear extremely like; it will be sent to Chevening." The catalogue rightly calls it "the last and the best portrait for which the great Lord Chesterfield ever sat." But Chevening possesses another canvas by the same painter, if not of equal excellence, yet of peculiar interest as an example of his last work left unfinished and not, it would seem, touched up and completed (like others so left) by his nephew Gainsborough Dupont. The boy whose education kept his parents at Geneva for ten years succeeded his father as third earl in 1786, and soon after sat to Gainsborough arrayed in his peer's robes, paying at once and obtaining the artist's receipt for 30 guineas as the moiety of the total sum agreed. The portrait hangs over the saloon mantelpiece, as may be seen in the illustration given a fortnight ago. He was not only cousin but brother-in-law to William Pitt the younger—the subject of the third Gainsborough at Chevening. He was only a small child



Copyright.

7.—LOUISA GRENVILLE, BY BATTONI.  
She was afterwards second wife to the third Earl Stanhope.

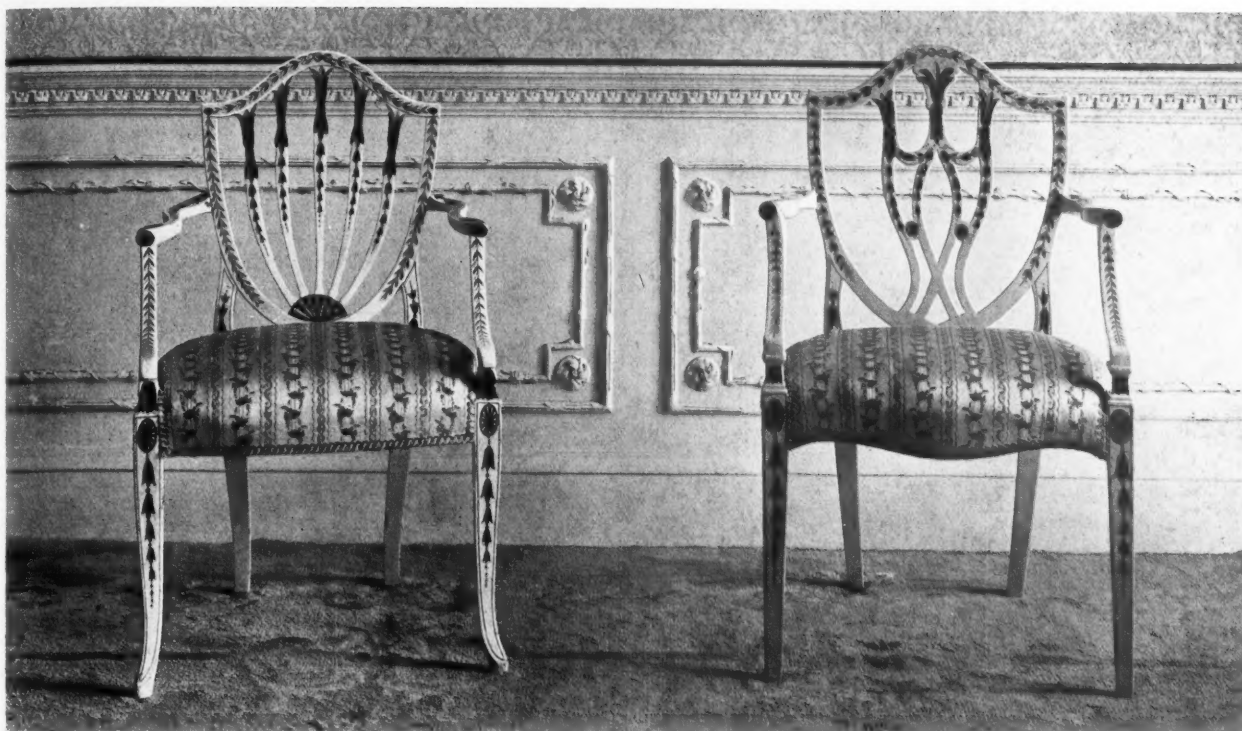
"COUNTRY LIFE."

He expresses himself as honoured if he may be appointed "joint overseer of the way" with Brampton, the steward, to which Lady Stanhope replies: "Would to God that it depended on us to appoint you overseer and mender of all our bad ways! it should not be in private ones only that you should be employed." The room he occupied while at Chevening (Fig. 5) is still, like the road, called after him, and here

when his parents were staying at that place and all we know of him there is that "Mr Willm and Mas James lies in the Nursery."

From the time of the return of the Stanhopes to England in 1673, Charles Lord Mahon, active in the fields of politics and science, is of more public importance than his retiring father, whose simple dress and awkward manner did not impress the janitor of the House of Lords when he sought admission





Copyright.

8.—PAINTED SHERATON CHAIRS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. *Circa 1790.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

after the Genevan decade. The incident is thus described by his great-grandson, the fifth earl, in his "History of England":

The doorkeeper could not believe he was a Peer, and pushed him aside, saying: "Honest man, you have no business in this place."—"I am sorry indeed," replied the Earl, "if honest men have no business here."

The simplicity of taste, advanced political views and devotion to scientific pursuits present in the father were intensified in the son, as a result of natural inclination developed by his Genevan education. The famous Tronchin was an innovator

in hygiene and from the first had encouraged the delicate boy to go out bareheaded by day, and went so far as to suggest that his nightcap might be thin. Later on even this was abandoned, so that on his return to England, among the eccentricities which shocked Society, was his habit of sleeping "with no nightcap and the window open." While his father was alive, however, there was nothing strange in his conduct or extreme in his opinions. After his marriage with his cousin, Hester Pitt, he continued to reside at Chevening, occupying himself not merely with making, but also demonstrating inventions. Early among these was his method of securing buildings against



Copyright.

9.—GILT SETTEE AND CHAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Part of a set in the Tapestry room. *Circa 1736.*



Copyright.

10.—MAHOGANY SOFA AND CHAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

There are 10 chairs and all are covered with tapestry, probably Beauvais. Circa 1751.

fire by means of stucco coatings. At Chevening in 1777 he built a wooden building, 26ft. by 15ft., with a ground floor filled

with inflammable matter, and an upstairs room where, while combustibles so raged below that "the glass of the windows was melted like so much common sealing wax," Sir John Pringle, P.R.S., Wilkes and other celebrities sat unconcerned "enjoying the luxury of ice-creams." Next he set up a tall 50ft. long and three-storeyed erection close up to the "secured house," filled it with 1,100 faggots and set it alight. The flames shot up 87ft., a bank 150ft. away was scorched, but the secured house was "not at all damaged, except some parts of the outer coat of plaster." The experiment sounds fairly costly, and if he could, as a young heir, indulge in such expense, it is not surprising that when, as owner of the estates, his inventive zest could be allowed full play, he strained the family finances, despite cutting down other outgoings. In days when possession of silver plate was a mark of social standing George I had granted to his by no means wealthy premier "the Quantity of One Thousand and Fifteen Ounces and Fifteen Penny Weight of White Plate . . . in Consideracón of the many good and acceptable Services Performed unto Us by the said James Viscount Stanhope." To this the second earl had added after he came of age, as his account book gives the item:

1736. July 14 To Paul de Lamerie £ s. d.  
the silversmith .. 605 00 00

Of all this fine Early Georgian plate nothing remains but three charming but unimportant Paul Lamerie pieces; the rest went into the melting-pot to feed the third earl's experiments. It was no doubt his utilitarian views rather than a wish to be in the architectural fashion that made him alter the exterior of the house. He hacked away the stone coignings and window architraves, stuccoed the whole of the walls, facing them with some newly invented white tile, and hid the roof behind a new plastered attic storey. But, as an æsthetic concession, he did allow a central ornamentation of the Ionic order. Even so, the decline from the original appearance is so great as not merely to excuse, but welcome the drapery of



Copyright.

11.—GILT MARBLE TOPPED SIDE-TABLE IN THE HALL. "C.L."

It is similar to the cabinet stand illustrated last week. Circa 1736.



*Ampelopsis Veitchii* which now cloaks so much of the walling (Fig. 1). His affection for stucco and his constant home production of it is shown by his bequest of £50 each "to Matthews my plasterer" and "to Martin Tye my lime burner." His efforts to develop steam navigation, his experiments in shipbuilding, his stereotyping inventions adopted by the Clarendon Press, are among his many scientific activities. In politics he was at first a warm supporter of his brother-in-law. When the Stanhopes returned to England in 1773 "Mr Willm," now a boy of fourteen, took part with his brothers and sisters in a tragedy he had written, the manuscript of which is preserved at Chevening. In 1780 both he and Mahon were returned to Parliament. In that year Lady Mahon, after giving birth to a third daughter, died at the age of twenty-five, but the young uncle, both before and after he became Premier in 1783, "often rode over from Hayes to Chevening to see his little nieces, to whom he was tenderly attached. They were an uproarious party, and Pitt frequently alludes to their high spirits." As a member of the Opposition he had spoken and voted in favour of both economical and electoral reform, and even as Prime Minister, in 1785, introduced a measure to disfranchise thirty-five decayed boroughs and give the seats to the largest cities and counties. Its rejection freed him from past commitments, and his increasing

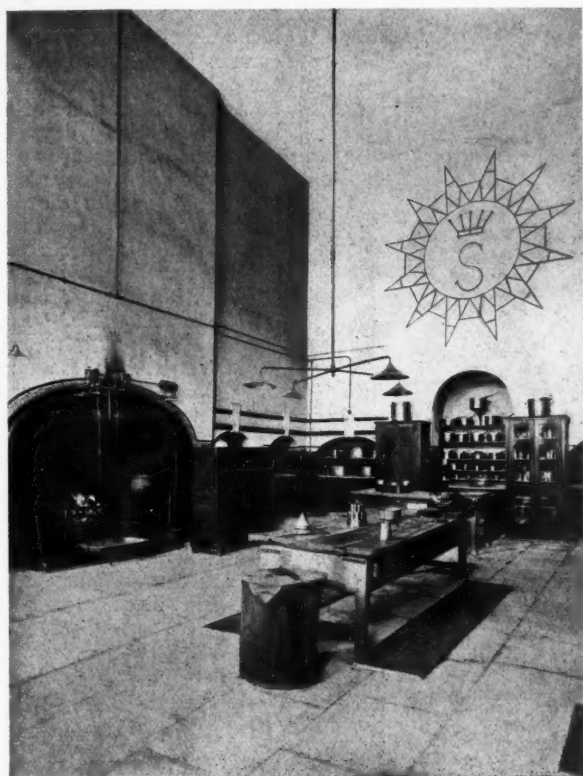
in the Customs Pitt secured his niece's position. She was the first to abandon Chevening, but her sisters followed and then the boys, who were the children of the earl's second wife, Louisa Grenville, who, when at Rome with her father as a little girl, was there charmingly painted with her pet dog in her arms by Battoni (Fig. 7). Her eldest boy, Mahon, escaped abroad in 1801, his younger brothers left a year later, when Lady Hester could take charge of them, as she was keeping house for William Pitt, who had actively interested himself in the evasion and settlement of all the children, fearing for them their father's extreme opinions and unusual habits of life. Even for the Countess Chevening became impossible when the earl was in the hands of Mrs. Walburgh Lackner, and, although money was still found for experiments, the housekeeping was on a most thrifty scale. Mahon hears from his father-in-law, Lord Carrington, that "Lord Stanhope has, it is believed, let his housekeeping for a certain sum to a lady, and as she is naturally anxious to make a purse, the servants are as ill-kept as his Lordship." When he died, in 1816, and his son is once more at Chevening, he finds that though his father has recently given £1,400 for a musical instrument and a similar sum for some machine, "he lived most penuriously," and was reported as given to "praise Mrs L., whom he always called Wally, for her good management, as it appears that the average expense of their eating and drinking for two or three years amounted to 75*l*." With all his faults he was a man of high aims, "earnestly busy," as Wilberforce said of him. His friend, Lord Holland, went no further than the truth when he wrote the words on his tomb in Chevening Church:

His understanding and integrity would have raised him to the notice of his fellow countrymen even if his lot had been cast in the humblest condition of life.

Nor are there wanting signs at Chevening that, anyhow in the first period of his ownership, he could bring himself to spend money on amenities, for there is good furniture of the period, such as the painted Sheraton chairs illustrated (Fig. 8).

Of his son, who became fourth earl in 1816, little need be said. He was retiring, like his grandfather, and his semi-adoption of Kaspar Hauser, the "wild boy" of Bavaria, implies a touch of his father's eccentricity, although the obloquy it brought upon him was wholly undeserved, as we know by the account written by his daughter, the Duchess of Cleveland. He was a scholar and a linguist and made a mark as an agriculturist. At Chevening his partial remodelling of the lake and general lay-out south of the house was his chief act (Fig. 2). Meanwhile his son was active in both politics and literature. His "History of England" and his successful effort to found the National Portrait Gallery are his chief titles to fame. The library was perhaps his main interest and care at Chevening, and more will be said of him next week when its contents are illustrated. He was Earl Stanhope from 1855 to 1875, and since the latter date his son and grandson have guarded and developed the many charms and interests of their historic seat. During the War service abroad did not prevent the present earl from carrying on the traditions of the place, what had so long been known as a brilliant flower-decked parterre became a prolific area of vegetables. Space only prevents further description and illustration of Chevening. The yellow satin bedroom with its admirable Chinese paper (Fig. 3), the ample kitchen (Fig. 12) rebuilt by the utilitarian third earl, the west segmental corridor (Fig. 6) leading to the library hung with engravings of historic personages connected with Stanhope history, and set with Charles II chairs—all these are interesting portions of an ample, an engaging and a greatly loved home.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



12.—THE KITCHEN.

As rebuilt by the third Earl.

Conservatism soon alienated from him his brother-in-law, who became an outspoken Republican and sympathiser with the French Revolution. We will not review his public pronouncements, but may glance at the effects of his opinions on his home life. If we are to believe his eldest daughter, Lady Hester Stanhope (whose well known later life in the East made her perhaps a little imaginative), he, in one of his Republican fits, put down carriages and horses. Hester then went through the mud on stilts, but pleaded for a carriage for her step-mother. "Well, well, we will see," answered the father, giving way; "but, damn it, no armorial bearings." As a gift from a King, the tapestries were removed and rolled up, and we hear that "even the coronets over the iron gates at Chevening were taken down, and he was styled Citizen Stanhope." But when one of his daughters married Mr. Taylor, the family doctor, in 1796, there seems to have been a sudden flow of blue blood in the Citizen's veins, and the match was treated as a *mésalliance*. The home atmosphere became very stormy, and the earl afterwards complains of his son-in-law that he "did, some years ago, so scandalously insult me in my own house by taking forcible possession of my own room, which he repeatedly refused to leave, that I was at last obliged to send my steward for a Justice of the Peace." By giving Mr. Taylor a place

## COMFORT

Oh! big things grow weary,  
And dull care grows strong,  
It's the small things that matter,—  
The lilt of a song.  
The sight of a moonbeam  
Aslant on the grass,  
The smile of a baby,  
The birds as they pass.  
God gave us the big things  
To prove us they say,  
But He sends us the small things  
To lighten our way.

GEVA.

# LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON ANGLING.—IV

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

**Y**OU are a tolerably accomplished fly-fisher by this time if you can execute with some certainty and accuracy the various casts suggested in my former letters. You may now much improve your accuracy of throw by practising your casting at daisies, or croquet hoops or any target you please on the lawn. The finest form of all angling is that of fishing with the dry fly

were coming down most plentifully. Consider, then, where that spot is likely to be and cast your flies accordingly. Trout, like the eagles, will be gathered together where the carcase is.

If you consider the face of a stream when a "hatch out," as we call it, of fly is on, you will soon see that, unless a strong wind be blowing, the flies are apt to be carried into that

course of the water where it flows most rapidly. That is a rule which holds good for all flotsam, living or inanimate, thus borne down the surface of a running water. There the flies will be gathered, and there the fish will await them. Down that same channel, then, you should float your artificial flies—and hope for the best. It happens less often that this fly-bearing current is seen to go down the centre of the river than to flow along one or other of the banks. On windy days the flies are nearly sure to be carried or drifted towards the bank against which the wind blows. Moreover, apart from the influences of either wind or current, there is ever the chance of an insect dropping off the bank's side. Each and all of these circumstances, together with the fact that fish usually have their haunts, when not on the active

outlook for food, under the banks, dispose the trout to take up their stations there; and I will now give you a "tip" which you may often find of value in casting for these "under the bank" trout. Remember that, however lightly you cast your fraudulent little concoction of feather and barbed steel, you will never get it to poise on the water as delicately as the natural dun, with its hair-like legs. But in casting for fish



KNEELING TO A FISH OUT IN THE RIVER.

which is pursued chiefly on the rivers that have their sources in the chalk—placid, clear, full of good fish food. Yet there is a special charm of their own in those faster streams where the fly is generally fished and taken in a state of at least semi-submergence. On the dry-fly rivers you seldom trouble to throw for a fish unless you see him rise; on the wet-fly streams you "chuck and chance it" as the dry-fly purist scornfully says, but you chuck, if you are at all experienced, only where the chance is good; and the necessary discrimination leads you to a study of the habits of the fish which is full of an interest of its own. The angler of ripe wisdom realises "the places where the fish lie" almost without taking thought on the matter; and this on rivers which he is visiting for the first time. Of course, on the rivers which are familiar to you and which you have fished again and again the haunt of every fish of note will soon be known.

Of this problem, as of some others, you may best find a solution satisfactory to yourself by trying to consider it from the fish's point of view. If you were a trout and desirous of feeding on flies that were coming down the water's surface, to what part of the broad stream would you betake yourself? It would be an insult both to your human intelligence and to that of the trout to suppose that you would not resort to that spot where the flies



CASTING TO THE FISH UNDER THE ANGLER'S OWN BANK.



under the bank, if you use a yard or so more line than is actually needed for putting your fly over them, and cast against the bank under which they are lying, then the fly, after hitting the bank, will fall on the water with a delicacy which you hardly can impart to it otherwise. That is a dodge for which you should be constantly on the look out for putting into practice. I am writing all this on the presumption, for the moment, that you are on one of those that we call the wet-fly rivers. On the dry-fly streams the trout are commonly larger and less wary, so that you seldom fish for one which you have not seen rising.

Now, besides these currents down which the fly are apt to be carried and which, therefore, the fly-feeding trout will frequent, there is always a chance of insect diet below overhanging trees and bushes. It is likely that some of the best trout in the river will have their haunts in these pleasant and profitable places, fiercely ejecting from them any visitors of their own kind which come in the hope of a share in their banquet. I need hardly point out to you the value of the horizontal cast in placing your fly deftly over trout lying in these overhung shelters. Just another word or two about the places where trout are apt to lie, and then I want to refer back for a moment to this matter of the horizontal cast; for, however it may be on the wet-fly streams, you will do little good as a dry-fly fisher until you acquire some of its finer subtleties. Likely quarters then for feeding, or expectant trout to take up, besides those I have hinted at, are the mouths of rivulets and subsidiary feeders of the main river. Any big stone in the water is tolerably sure to have a fish with his haunt behind it. They will often lie in wait at the top of a "glide," just where the bustling part of the stream begins to smooth off into a glassy surface. And an especially favourite place is that where two currents, after going in divided courses awhile, come together and flow down as one.

Referring back now to that horizontal cast, which you will soon find yourself using in almost constant preference to the vertical, it is scarcely needful for me to say that what I wrote about some of the heavier portion of the line going into the water with a splash applies to the vertical cast solely, and not to the horizontal at all. In the horizontal all falls lightly, or should do so. Moreover, I am far from saying that every fine caster whom you may watch will send any part of his line thus splashing even in the vertical throw. The methods of the very best casters vary greatly. The difference is well emphasised by Mr. Halford, in Vol. I of the Fishing Volumes of the COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sport. He there points out how entirely different are the respective methods of Mr. Marryatt and of Mr. Valentine Corrie; yet both were master-craftsmen—the latter is so still, as I hope and believe. Mr. Halford we are obliged, alas! to speak of in the past tense. He was my own first and most kindly teacher. I have watched Mr. Corrie at work also, and therefore I can add that Mr. Halford's own style of casting differed again from that of either of these great men whom he cites. After all, it is but an analogous case with that of golf and of others of the arts and crafts. The club-work, the brush-work, the chisel-work, or what you will, differ under the hands of different masters, yet each will produce a masterpiece after his kind. It ought not to surprise us, therefore, that the case is not otherwise with the angler's rod-work.

But now you are so far advanced that you really deserve removal into a higher class. I will promote you therefore from the wet-fly stream and the "chuck and chance it" to one of those placid and pellucid rivers coming from the chalk, where you will fish only, or almost only, for the trout which you see rise. And, having guided you thither, my first word to you will be one which will make you revile me bitterly for many of my former words; for, after all the pains that I have led you to take to acquire the art of throwing the line out straightly, I have now to tell you that in order to do full execution on one of these dry-fly rivers you have to learn to cast the fly at the end of a line which shall not be straight.

My reason for inculcating the straight line throw was, in the first place, that it is the more difficult throw to achieve—among wet-fly fishers it is almost the mark of expert distinction to throw a straight line; the duffer throws a wobbly line—and, in the second place, it is hardly to be thought that you will ever learn to place the fly accurately with the wavy line unless you have already learnt the art of accurate placing with a straight line. Understand me: it is easier to throw a wavy line, a line that has slack places and curves in it, than it is to throw a straight line; but it is easier to place the fly just where you want it with a straight line than with a wavy one. If you stop to think a moment, you will realise that this must be so. With the straight line, the calculation

needed for pitching the fly is one of simple straight length; with the wavy line, each of the waves has to be taken into account. In actual work, as almost goes without saying, the angler does not worry through any such brain-fagging business as these curvilinear estimates would suggest. Experience and practice have taught him to realise, without taking thought, how much allowance to make for the slack waves which he will make in his line and to throw with a length, nicely adjusted, in accordance therewith. And experience and practice are the only mentors which can lead a man to this realisation. But all this time you are panting, I know, to be asking me for another reason—the reason why it is desirable to throw a wavy rather than a straight line. I will tell you. You see a fish rising at an angle of forty-five degrees, we will say, above you and rather towards the other bank of the river. Now, suppose you throw a dead straight line, pitching a fly two or three feet above him—what happens? What happens is this: that the moment the dead straight line alights on the water the force of the current begins to pull it down; and before your fly, though so accurately pitched, has floated down the two or three feet to the fish the influence of the current-borne reel-line has dragged it in towards you.

The effect of that is, for one thing, that it does not go over the fish at all; perhaps it goes as much as a foot this side of him. But there is also another, and a very much



DOWN THAT SAME STREAM YOU SHOULD FLOAT YOUR ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

worse, effect. It is very fortunate if it has gone so much this side of him that he has not seen it. What is far more likely is that he has seen it; and with fatal result. Once more I will ask you to put yourself in his place and to look out at his world with his eyes. It is a world much made up of things floating over him at just such pace as the current goes. But what is this portent that all on a sudden has been presented to his astonished gaze! This thing, this fly of yours, has gone not with the current, nor at the current's pace, but faster, and across it, and, most terrifying of all, has left what we call a wake, a cleft in the water, behind it. None of the ordinary flotsam does this; so that you, seeing with the trout's eyes, behold an unfamiliar and, therefore, a fearful sight; you flee away in alarm, or at best, sink lower in the water and lie there in suspicious, sullen, sceptical mood.

This phenomenon, which I have thus endeavoured to describe, is that "drag" to which you will have heard so many a dry-fly fisherman make damning reference. It is his bane and his undoing, but at the same time its avoidance, in the various currents of the river, is the touchstone of his expertness and the source of very much of the peculiar and exclusive interest belonging to this special department of the angler's art.

Now, if you have been able to reconstruct, by help of my words above, the circumstances of the case, you will at once appreciate the value of the wavy line. Whereas, when the line is straight the current at once begins to drift it down and so communicates drag to the cast, the energy of the current on the wavy line is first spent in straightening out, or transforming into one extensive curve, those several lesser curves, and it is not until that is done that the reel-line begins to drag the fly; by which time the fly may have gone over the fish's head. If it have not—ah, consummation devoutly to be wished!—actually gone down his throat.

I have known one or two men who were very expert fishers indeed, in the sense of their ability to throw a straight and a light line, and yet who failed to catch half as many fish on a dry-fly river as their craft really entitled them to expect, just because they did not appreciate what is, indeed, the very obvious truth that I have tried to set out above. One in particular, on the Test, lately deceased and lamented by every friend who knew him as the best and least selfish of sportsmen, caught relatively few fish, though he could throw a beautiful line, until someone, in an unhappy hour for the trout, led him to realise that his line of lovely correctness was not only wasted on the fish of that river, but that they would far more readily take a fly shown them at the end of a line lying in what appeared, by comparison, to be slovenly curves. Once he had realised it he easily modified his practice accordingly, with results which immediately threw very many of the best trout families into heavy mourning.

Thus far, since we have been on our chalk stream, I have supposed you to be throwing for a fish well out from you in the water; but one which you will constantly find, and a fish, moreover, which offers you a very fair prospect of forming a closer acquaintance with him, is the fish that rises close under your own bank. Creeping up, you will be able to get almost behind him. In this instance, if you were to cast your ordinary line, with some wavy slack, that would involve some small length of the gut passing over his head before the fly reached him. If he noticed the gut he would be apt to greet the fly with a very cold and unresponsive eye. There is a peculiar cast which you should try to make for a fish so lying, and for every fish, too, which you may see rising straight above you when you are wading. This is a cast which shall give the fly a little flick round at the end, so that it falls on the water rather to the left—presuming that you are throwing right-handed and fore-handed—of the rest of the line. I have called this the "interrogation cast" because the gut, with the fly at its end, falls in something like the form of the mark that we make after writing a question, thus—"?" If you will throw horizontally and give a little check, with the slightest possible pull back, as the fly reaches the limit of its outgoing, you will find that you will achieve it after a little practice. Personally, I can do it to admiration on a lawn; it is only when I try to put the interrogation mark to the fish that I usually do it so bunglingly that his answer is almost inevitably in the negative.

## FRANCIS HARDING: A FORGOTTEN PAINTER OF ARCHITECTURE

BY HILDA F. FINBERG.

THE Church of St. John the Evangelist in Smith Square, Westminster, has attracted much attention owing to its curious architectural features. The weight of abuse heaped on this unfortunate building in the past might almost have crushed a less solid structure! Much of the censure was probably due to the fact that Sir John Vanbrugh was supposed to be responsible for the design. Horace Walpole, in charging Vanbrugh with it, characterised the church as "a wonderful piece of absurdity," but he afterwards corrected himself, and exonerated Vanbrugh from blame by giving the discredit to Vanbrugh's pupil, Thomas Archer. Lord Chesterfield is said to have compared the building to "an elephant on its back with its four feet in the air," while Charles Dickens, probably with Chesterfield's description in his mind, called it "a very hideous church with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster."

St. John the Evangelist was the second of the fifty new churches built under a statute passed in Queen Anne's reign, St. Mary-le-Strand being the first. It was begun in 1721 and finished in 1728. Walcott, in his "Memorials of Westminster," says that "before the church was completed, the fabric began to settle and give way; and in consequence a tower and lantern turret were added at each corner in order to strengthen the whole building." Whatever may have been the reason for their erection, not everyone shares Lord Chesterfield's opinion of the towers, and the exterior of St. John's Church, with its grey stone walls, has met with more approval from later generations. Of the original interior it is impossible to judge, as it was destroyed by fire in 1742, and its character was entirely changed in the re-building.

But it is not so much with St. John's itself that this article is concerned as with a picture which hangs in its vestry. This is a view of the inside of the church while in ruins after the fire. It was presented to the parish in 1787 by Mr. Godsalve Crosse, and it is the only record known to exist of the appearance of the inside of the church as originally built. It shows the twelve stone columns which formerly supported the roof, and which were so much damaged that they had to be removed in the re-building. The view was taken from the west end of the church looking towards the east window, through which the outline of part of Lambeth Palace, on the opposite bank of the river, can be seen. The building is open to the sky, the roof having been entirely destroyed, and all four towers can be distinguished. There are no lanterns surmounting them, and it is possible that, in spite of Walcott's assertion, these

were added after the fire. They can be seen in Canaletto's numerous drawings of Westminster, done about 1750. The south-west tower, seen at the extreme right of the picture, was the only part of the stone exterior that was damaged by the fire. In the foreground of the picture is a black and white marble pavement which is said to be still in existence, but it is now at the east end of the church, covered by the new wooden flooring of the chancel. The picture is certainly the work of a capable artist. The sombre tones of the interior, relieved by the bright blue of the sky and the touches of red and blue in the workmen's clothes, form a colour scheme which was evidently inspired by Panini.

Although the outbreak of fire occurred on September 26th, 1742, it was not until after February 20th, 1744, when Parliament voted £4,000 for its restoration, that the work of re-building the church was begun. It was finished and re-opened in December, 1745, so the view of the ruins was probably painted during 1744. The picture is not signed, and apparently no serious attempt has ever been made to discover the name of the artist. Yet the clue to his identity has lain hidden for many years in the British Museum, with much other interesting matter, among the notes of George Vertue, the engraver. It was from Vertue's note books that Walpole drew the material for his "Anecdotes of Painting in England"; but Walpole omitted much that is of importance to those who wish to make the historical record of English artists complete. The following note, written by Vertue early in 1745, and overlooked or disregarded by Walpole, will illustrate the need for more careful study of the note books:

"Mr. Harding, painter of Landscapes &c. & coach painter has painted a View of the Ruins of the Inside of St. Luke Church at Westminster after it was burn't, in the Manner of Paolo Pannini—very well, its said. he happily imitates his Manner—that its hard to distinguish in Time his coppers from the originals. he is continually imitating paintings of Canaletti of Venice, Views &c. & also paintings of Paulo Panini with good Success—he has lately painted some peices of Landskip in Rounds which he has presented to the Foundling hospital—to adorn their rooms."

Vertue must have been thinking of the patron saint of artists when he wrote "St. Luke Church." Mr. J. E. Smith, author of "St. John-the-Evangelist, Parochial Memorials," informs me that there has never been a church in Westminster dedicated to St. Luke, so it is obvious that Vertue made a slip in writing "St. Luke" when he meant "St. John." There cannot be



much doubt that the picture referred to is the one now hanging in St. John's vestry.

There have been several artists of the name of Harding, but no known artist of that name could have painted this picture, while the picture itself appears to be the only known extant work of the artist. Although in Vertue's reference to the "peices of Landskip in Rounds" at the Foundling Hospital, we seem to have a clue to the whereabouts of more of Harding's works, it leads nowhere, for there are no landscapes by this artist at the Hospital. There are, however, eight circular panels, painted about 1746, with views of the different hospitals in and near London. Three of them are by Samuel Wale, two by Edward Haytley, two by Richard Wilson and one by Gainsborough. There is no record at the Hospital of there ever having been more than eight, yet Vertue, writing of them in 1751, states that there were "twelve in all done by different painters." He may have made a mistake, but this certainly bears out his previous statement that Harding painted some circular panels and presented them to the Foundling Hospital. If Vertue was right, what has become of Harding's pictures?

A further reference to this artist's work is to be found in "The English Connoisseur" (1766), which contains a list of the pictures at Wricklemarsh, near Blackheath, the seat of Sir Gregory Page. Among them were a number of paintings of architecture and figures, some by Paolo Panini, and others by Harding, after Panini. They were hung over the doors and chimneypieces of the various rooms. Besides eight by Harding, after Panini, there were two views of Venice by

Harding, after Canaletto. This shows us how Harding's ability in imitating Panini and Canaletto was utilised. Other gentlemen's seats of the period may have contained similar decorations. Those at Wricklemarsh were probably sold with the house after Sir Gregory Page's death, and disappeared when it was pulled down in 1787.

In Harding we have, perhaps, discovered the painter of many of the "Paninis" and "Canalettos," and possibly even "Samuel Scotts," which pass to-day in the sale-rooms either as originals or, more often, as "school pictures." It is to be feared that his work did not prove very remunerative during his life-time. Among the papers of the Incorporated Society of Artists, now in the keeping of the Royal Academy, are lists of artists and their dependents who received charitable donations from the Society during the years 1761-1772. In the lists of names for 1767 and 1768 occurs that of Mrs. Harding, who received three guineas, while in the following year we find a petition addressed to the President of the Society by Mary Harding, widow of Mr. Francis Harding, landscape painter. The petition states that Mrs. Harding is very old and that she has an invalid daughter to support. They were then living in New North Street, Red Lion Square.

It seems almost certain that Francis Harding, landscape painter, was identical with Vertue's Mr. Harding, so our artist must have died in or before 1767. His widow continued to receive donations from the Society of Artists until 1771. These scattered notes are all the information at present available about Harding, but his large painting in St. John's vestry fortunately remains as a monument to his skill.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCIS HARDING.

Photographed by kind permission of the Rev. H. L. C. de Candole.

## The FRENCH PRESIDENT as BIOGRAPHER

**M**ONSIEUR PAUL DESCHANEL has made an admirable start in his presidential career by publishing a biographical study of Gambetta worthy to be placed among the best French classics. He had a subject after his own heart. There is no other name linked more closely with the fortunes of France than that of the great Minister of Defence who rallied and cheered his countrymen in the dark hours following the war of 1870. Towards the end of his book the President relates that on December 9th, 1918, when he entered Strasbourg with the French, he found the following "artless and touching effusion of popular feeling" scrawled on a wall in the Grande Rue. "Sleep in peace, Gambetta, at last the glorious dawn of the day you dreamed of is rising for us." Patriotic Frenchmen will give a hearty Amen to the prayer.

Gambetta's career did not begin with the war. He had been Deputy and taken an active part in a republican agitation before it broke out. During the terrible hours of German triumph he never lost faith in the future of his country. This dream became the inspiration of his life, even when France lay under the heel of the savage Bismarck. Public men were most anxious that nothing should be said or done to afford an excuse to the Prussians for believing that under the surface France was preparing for revenge. Ministers could not look around for understandings and alliances lest they should drive Bismarck into making still greater combinations. It was thought then that if France became too friendly with England the Wilhelmstrasse would counter by drawing closer to Russia. And so lips had to be sealed in France and suffering borne in silence. French statesmen of the day had a task that well might have seemed hopeless. The most sanguine could scarcely have dreamt that in the course of half a century the tables would be completely turned and that the French, beaten to the ground in 1870, should, in 1918, have been able to dictate terms to their old enemy. Such a resuscitation seldom takes place in a great State. "Accursed be defeat," says M. Deschanel, in a vigorous passage. It affects the children even more than their elders. Gallantry and high spirits are not nursed in the homes of a subjugated people. The recovery of France appears miraculous if it be compared with what happened to the great nations that underwent a similar catastrophe in old times. They were either wiped out altogether or reduced to insignificance. But France has been able to resume a position in Europe as great, if not greater than she held before. That this is so was due more to Leon Gambetta than to any other man. It was a personal triumph for him because, rising as he did from the ranks, he had no friends and no influence except those gained by his own ability. His grandfather had been a dealer in small merchandise in the little town of Celle in Liguria. He used to dispose of the sweet oil, macaroni, vermicelli and pottery of his own district in France which he reached by sea and penetrated by means of the Languedoc Canal. Eventually he pitched his tent in Cahors, bringing with him his three sons, of whom the elder married the daughter of a chemist. Of this union was born on April 2nd, 1838, the future Minister of National Defence. Gambetta's life was a short one. He died in 1882 at the age of forty-four. But if we calculate the time not by its length, but by its contents, the thirteen years of his public life seem long indeed. They brought with them such momentous events as the fall of the Second Empire, the war with Germany, the Constitution of 1875, the fall of the parliamentary republic, the sixteenth of May, and the Tunisian and Egyptian affairs. There have been many occasions during these years in which well wishers of France have trembled for her fate. She has been able to survive such trials and even become stronger through them, and "it is more to him than anyone that the credit is due." How difficult his task was may be seen from the trouble that ensued and the attacks made on him for a passage in a speech that reads very mildly to-day: "We may have a full restitution if it be based upon right." He goes on to prophesy "that we or our children can look forward to it, for no power can say to any man 'thou shalt not hope.'" But the cry was raised, "Gambetta spells war." Grévy, who was then President, seized the occasion to deliver a homily on "men of personal ambitions" at Dijon. He said it was France as a whole that is "so sensible, so wise, so keen a judge of her own interests," and warned his hearers not to be driven into the sins of impatience or violence. The over-cautious and suspicious Grévy kept Gambetta out of the presidency of the Chamber as long as he could. It was not till all the others had been tried that he was put into that position. His was no bed of roses either then or at any time. In his wonderfully eloquent speeches there is often a word or a phrase that uncovers a sore heart. A man to

wield the influence among his countrymen that Gambetta did must be, as it were, compact of storm and sunshine. To sway the multitude you have to express what the multitude feels, and in politics more than in any other calling the jealousy and conspiracy of rivals have always to be guarded against. A politician has to keep his head with his brains. Fortunately for Gambetta there was an element in his private life that brought balm and comfort to him. The woman whom he loved, Léonie Léon, was a Roman Catholic and did not till almost the close of his life consent to a civil marriage, which he, as a Positivist, was bound to insist upon. But from the scraps of letters to her which M. Deschanel prints one can gather that she was fine in every sense of the word, prudent, discreet, self-possessed and gracious. She always gave her tempestuous partner the advice that comes naturally from a warm heart and a cool head.

\* Gambetta, by Paul Deschanel, President of the French Republic. (Heinemann.)

### HAYFIELDS AND HAWTHORN.

Mary Russell Mitford and Her Surroundings, by Constance Hill (John Lane, 1s. 6d.).

MISS CONSTANCE HILL has produced a finished and almost perfect book. It conveys in every way the impression of being the work of an artist, especially in regard to those little details on which charm ultimately depends, though they may escape the casual eye altogether. The statement applies particularly to the illustrations. They are unpretentious, but chosen with fine taste, and they re-create the atmosphere of a lady's village life more than a hundred years ago. In the centre of the cover is a picture of a French gold enamelled watch which belonged to Mrs. Mitford and was inherited by Miss Mitford. It, and the monogram on it, having been once seen, the thing is recognised as being of the very essence of Miss Mitford. An antique girandole that might have held the candle for her reading and a dainty purse-bag of the eighteenth century themselves vividly recall the years before Waterloo: an inlaid tea caddy, a country wheelbarrow, a French *bonbonnière*, go excellently with a dandy of the period and the lady with whom he is presented, and with whom he might have taken tea from the tea set which belonged to Miss Mitford. These are just the things which one has seen produced by a village lady or her friends in some rose-covered cottage which was simple at the time of its building but has been transposed into a bower by hands working through a lifetime. Miss Hill has had the sense, and the self-effacement, to let Miss Mitford, in a way, tell her own story. Many biographers have attempted that feat before, but not one has succeeded with such natural and easy grace. The father of Miss Mitford, as seen in a portrait reproduced, has one of those kind but unstable faces which one instinctively associates with loveliness on the one hand and some sort of prodigality or gambling on the other. He came of a family which has produced many very curious and interesting men. The most distinguished of his race was the late Lord Redesdale, diplomatist, man of letters, botanist, horticulturist, connoisseur and man of the world. The most curious was a much earlier Mitford whose cleverness and intellect were undeniable but whose habits were emphatically Bohemian. Dr. Mitford lost and won several times in the game of life but never broke his heart over changes of fortune. It was extraordinary luck that when the family was reduced to impecuniosity he should have presented his daughter with a lottery ticket and that she should have clung to the number of her choice with a pertinacity that could not be balked, and that just in the nick of time it should have produced twenty thousand pounds. The money staved off ruin for another twenty years. One of the most delightful chapters is that, pieced together from Miss Mitford's letter, telling of a visit paid to her great friends in Northumberland. The party went up to London by stage coach, and then in the private carriage of a friend till they got to Cambo, near Wallington, whence it was an easy stage to Mitford, which is only a couple of miles from Morpeth. She was only eighteen at the time and full of the enthusiasm proper to her age. And, indeed, Mitford might waken strange thoughts in the dullest. It stands on a peninsula encircled by the River Wansbeck just after it has joined with the Font, and the ruins are those of a castle which was inhabited by a Mitford in the time of Edward the Confessor. The heiress of this Mitford William the Conqueror bestowed in marriage on one of his followers after the Battle of Hastings, a deformed warrior named Bertram. The family had many vicissitudes. They forfeited their lands and house over and over again, but Lord Redesdale, before he came into the peerage, was Bertram Mitford, showing the endurance of the race to which he belonged and of which he was so proud. The regal splendour of Alnwick, the simple home of Lord Grey, and the houses of other notabilities were opened to the girl in her teens, and she evidently spent some of the happiest hours of her life on the bank of the Wansbeck. The genius of Miss Mitford is very difficult to analyse. One is made happy by her writings and carried away to the country till we breathe the air of the hayfields and the scent of the hawthorn boughs. But she discards everything laboured in her methods. Her writing and her thought are correspondingly simple. Much of the pleasure is derived from the union of a very observant eye with a sympathetic temperament that enables her to understand everybody. In one of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood* the shepherd is made to say: "I dinna wunner at her being able to write sae well as she does about drawing-rooms wi' sofas and settees, and about the fine folk in them seein' themselves in lookin'-glasses frae tap tae tae; but what puzzles the like o' me is her pictures o' poachers and tinklers . . . and o' huts and hovels without riggin' by the wayside, and the cottages o' honest, puir men and byres and barns . . . And merry-makin's at winter-ingles, and courtships aneath trees atween lads and lasses as laigh in life as the servants in her father's ha'. That's the puzzle, and that's the praise." This criticism could not be bettered.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

# DEFINITE DATES FOR AUCTION

**T**HE pages of COUNTRY LIFE begin to be well filled with announcements of definite dates for the submission of landed properties. We are now through the first four months of the year, and though the volume of business has been on the whole exceedingly satisfactory, it has been mainly, as regards landed property, privately negotiated. Now, and for the ensuing three months, comes the crucial test of the market, the bringing of properties under the hammer. A good many, in fact most, of the contemplated auctions provide for the alternative of subdivision into lots in the event of non-sale in their entirety of the estates.

Dates are notified for the auction of Wentworth, Miss Cabrera's Virginia Water estate, to be sold at Hanover Square on May 27th; and Godmersham Park, Lord Masham's East Kent estate of nearly 6,000 acres, one of the most interesting houses of the early Georgian period we have, with very fine interior plaster work. The library is Adam work at its best. Godmersham is also noted for its associations with Jane Austen (May 18th at Ashford). Next Thursday, at Devizes, Erlestoke, 3,400 acres will be dealt with. The present mansion replaced that belonging to the former Dukes of Bolton, and in 1574 Queen Elizabeth visited the then owner, Sir William Bronncker, while in 1830 Queen Victoria (then Princess Victoria) was entertained by the late Mr. Watson-Taylor. On May 27th Lord Rendlesham's Suffolk estate of 5,900 acres will be submitted at Ipswich; and on June 22nd, at Hanover Square, the Newlands Manor estate, Hants, is to be offered.

Next Monday Messrs. Gudgeon and Sons are submitting Denham Court, a property of 6 acres, at Winchester; and on May 11th, Mr. H. G. Poland's Caterham house and 20 acres, known as Greenlands, are for sale by Messrs. Golbie and Green.

On May 21st there is a small but beautifully situated Sussex property, South Park, Wadhurst, to be sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons; and, jointly with Messrs. Dilley, Son and Read, on June 15th, Messrs. Hampton and Sons are to sell the Hunts property, Houghton Grange, 42 acres, with beautiful grounds sloping to the Ouse.

Next Wednesday the North Devon property, Risleigh, Northam, near Bideford, awaits offers through Mr. A. W. Cock. Another North Devon estate, Stevenstone, has been withdrawn from sale, the 1,882 acres having been the subject of announcements by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer.

### WINGERWORTH: PRIVATE SALES.

**FIFTY** or more lots of the Wingerworth estate have been privately sold to the tenants. The beautiful Palladian house, which was completed in 1729, was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXVII, page 162). The sale, by order of Major Philip Hunloke, will be held at Chesterfield on May 11th and 12th by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

### DOWNING HALL: LORD DENBIGH'S TENANTS.

**ANOTHER** of those pleasing incidents of the break-up of estates, a cordial and spontaneous tribute by the tenants to their old landlord, has to be recorded in connection with Lord Denbigh's sale of his Downing estate, near Holywell. The estate, extending to 1,263 acres, has associations with the antiquary and author, Thomas Pennant. It was offered by auction in lots by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, at Chester. Lord Denbigh offered the agricultural holdings privately to sitting tenants, and twenty holdings were so sold; the various lots realised a total of about £40,000, Downing Hall being withdrawn. Lord Denbigh was present, and in reply to a vote of thanks, proposed by the National Farmers' Union, for the way the tenants had been considered, stated that he felt very much the severing of his connection with his tenants. Ysceiog, with 500 acres, was recently sold privately.

### A NOTED BERKSHIRE HOUSE.

**MRS. MERTON** has decided to sell her Berkshire home, Folly Farm. The house, one of the most interesting in the county, with exceptionally beautiful gardens, was built and the grounds laid out by Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A.

Hylands, Chelmsford, the seat of Sir Daniel Gooch, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, acting in con-

junction with Messrs. G. B. Hilliard and Son. The property exceeds 4,000 acres, including the golf course. It was in this park that Lord Kitchener held his last review.

Rockwood, Torquay, has been privately sold before auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. G. R. Smith and Sons.

### NOTABLE SALES.

**LORD CATHCART** has sold Thornton-le-Street, an Adam house and about 2,000 acres, through Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., whose other sales in the Thirsk district in the last year or two have included over 3,000 acres for Mr. John Bell and Sir John Payne Galloway. A feature of Thornton-le-Street is the fine suite of entertaining rooms, which retain their original plaster decorations, mantelpieces and mahogany doors, while the elliptical curve enters largely into the planning, which heightens the great character of the rooms. This estate passes into the possession of a member of another old Yorkshire family.

With the sale of the outlying portions of the Cricket St. Thomas estate, Crewkerne, on the borders of Dorset and Somerset, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have completed a very large transaction. This estate originally extended to about 2,000 acres and occupied one of the most beautiful and picturesque positions in the Southern Counties. The park extends to about 800 acres, and is intersected by a string of trout lakes, and the Georgian residence, occupying a position 450ft. above sea level, is very beautiful indeed. The estate has now passed into good hands, and the house is being thoroughly overhauled, so that when completed Cricket St. Thomas will unquestionably be one of the finest estates in the Southern Counties.

Hale Park, near Salisbury, an estate extending to about 3,000 acres, with 3 miles of fishing, has just been purchased by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., acting on behalf of a client. The whole estate will be divided into small holdings and sold by auction later in the year. The mansion house has been disposed of privately.

Moreton Hall estate, Congleton, has been sold in its entirety. This estate, thirteen miles from Crewe and ten miles from Stoke-on-Trent, comprises a fine stone mansion. The area of the property is 1,200 acres.

Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. announce the sale by private treaty of the Clarendon Park, Salisbury, extending to 4,000 acres. Clarendon Park was, from the Conquest until King Charles's time, always a Royal park and palace, with a deer leap forming the boundary. It was then granted to the Duke of Albemarle for his services to his country, and his executors sold it to the Bathurst family, who sold it to Major Garton. There is attached to the estate a right to a Royal draught of fishes in the River Avon. Clarendon Park is one of the finest timbered estates in the Southern Counties, and adjoins Wilton Park.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons report the sale privately of Porthgadden, one of the choicest places on the Cornish coast, a property of 90 acres in extent, occupying a beautiful position in Falmouth Harbour, with considerable coast frontage, and including an exceptionally good house. The gardens and grounds contain many sub-tropical trees and shrubs. The firm also report the sale privately of the Dolserau Hall estate, near Dolgellay, comprising the house, a finely wooded park, with home farm and sheep walks, the whole being about 400 acres. By order of the trustees, Messrs. Hampton and Sons announce the sale by auction at Gloucester, in June, of the Grange estate, Dymock, near the Gloucestershire borders, between Ledbury and Newent, about twelve miles from Gloucester. The estate, 1,033 acres, includes the Old Grange, Dymock, a most interesting old house dating from the Tudor period and containing much old oak, also five farms, land around the village of Dymock, the Crown Inn, cottages and 150 acres of woodland.

Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. have sold 50 acres of freehold land close to Moreton-in-Marsh, belonging to the Hon. John Bowes Lyon, let at rents amounting to £123 10s., for £4,283, inclusive of timber.

The Shameen, a freehold country property at West Mersea, ten miles from Colchester, 5 acres, has been sold privately by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, with Westdene Beech, near Alton, 3 acres; Beech

Place, a quaint old cottage residence, full of oak panelling, with 4 acres, in advance of auction.

Messrs. Harding and Harding have sold the following properties. The Mount, Fareham, on the southern slope of Portsdown Hill, with views over Portsmouth Harbour and the Solent to the Isle of Wight; Clapper Hill, Basingstoke, with 12 acres of well timbered grounds; and Fretherne Lodge, Gloucester, an old-fashioned residence in beautiful grounds, with views over the Severn.

### CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND "JOCK SCOTT."

**CHRISTOPHER NORTH** is sufficiently familiar to enable many of us to make a reasonably accurate "cast," shall we say? at the manner in which he would have discoursed on such an estate as Spottiswoode, the Berwickshire estate of 9,000 acres, which has just been placed in the hands of Messrs. P. and J. Stormonth Darling of Kelso for realisation. He would have skipped lightly over even so important a detail as the fact that the estate is a standing testimony to the efficacy of a well planned system of land drainage. Berwickshire men wax eloquent over the hundreds of miles of piping and the other works which have changed Spottiswoode into a first rate paying agricultural property. He would have preferred to dwell on the research that resulted in the evolution of the "Jock Scott" salmon fly, a product of the sporting skill of a former owner's uncle. Mr. J. Herbert Spottiswoode succeeded to the estate on the death of Lady John Scott, and it was her husband, brother of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch who shares the distinction of inventing the "Jock Scott." Someone has said that he cared not who made laws so long as he wrote a people's songs, and the certainty of remembrance is perhaps better assured by devising a salmon fly or a special golf ball than by much spade work in local and other public affairs.

### HERBERT SPENCER'S BIRTHPLACE.

**THE** centenary of Herbert Spencer has been celebrated in a manner which would have met with his hearty approval, if an opinion on that point may be formed from a considerable study of his works. The future of his birthplace is not definitely known at present. All that can be stated with certainty is that the house in which the philosopher first saw the light has passed, with an adjoining and similar tenement, in Exeter Street, Derby, to a new owner for £280. If we are not mistaken it is as he would have wished, for no man more despised the sentimental, and he would have ridiculed the idea that on any other grounds anyone could have any regard for No. 27, Exeter Street, Derby, by accident his birthplace. Least of all, in these days of a housing shortage, would he have liked to think of the tenement being used as a sort of museum. Although what could have been put in it if it had been so used is not very clear, for, unlike another illustrious Victorian, he does not seem to have had around him a group of admirers who could have furnished material for something like the recent Ruskinian exhibits. Spencer can be imagined as saying to the public: "If you are intellectually capable of reading my books, read them, and if, having read them, you infer that I would have cared a brass farthing for the preservation of the place wherein I was born, then buy it and preserve it." The belated astonishment that the Derby cottage has been sold does not come from those who know their Spencer.

### THE HYDE ESTATE, LUTON.

**TENANTS** have been conspicuous among the buyers of the farms on the Hyde estate, which has now been entirely disposed of through Messrs. May and Rowden, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Rumball and Edwards. The mansion, park and altogether approximately 1,100 acres, have been dealt with. Messrs. May and Rowden have also found a purchaser for Gatcombe House, Weybridge, a detached, double-fronted residence with an acre of ground, for £3,500. They have also sold by private treaty Walton Lodge, Banstead, the residence of the late Mr. J. P. O'Donnell, with about 15 acres of grounds; a bijou residence and grounds, the Old Vicarage, Clare, Suffolk; a delightful house and grounds, Glan-y-Mor, near Fareham, overlooking the Solent; and Summerfield, in the old world village of Keymer, Sussex. ARBITER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reference to the interesting article of the Master of Christ's College, may I call the attention of those interested in the problem of the University Library to an article in the R.I.B.A. Journal, December 23rd, 1916, in which a full account, with plans, etc., is given of the period 1784-1789, when Robert Adam made schemes for the buildings on both sides of the chapel. These two proposals for the library and for King's College will be given in a chapter dealing with his proposed work at Cambridge in the book on the architecture of Robert and James Adam now in the press. In regard to the period 1791, this is Sir John Soane's scheme which exists in this museum. The replica of Gibb's wing, the Senate House, was to contain a gallery, museum and lecture rooms, and the interior was interesting in Soane's own manner. On the general question it should be pointed out that a mere replica of the one wing of James Gibb's scheme would not be fair to him, as the centre portico he intended is the key to his whole design. As it is hardly likely now that Wright's building would be refaced, surely it would be better to leave these historical buildings alone and build a proper modern library on an adequate site, even if the University had to wait until a sufficient fund was in sight.—ARTHUR T. BOLTON, F.S.A., Curator Sir John Soane's Museum.

## THE INVENTION OF THE BLACKBOARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Professor Thompson's interesting article on the blackboard in your issue of April 24th recalls my early school days at a private school in Warwickshire. Writing, mathematics and geography were taught to us by an old man, who was, or had been, I believe, a Board School teacher. His method of teaching geography was as follows: he would ask the class what country we had been studying; walk straight up to the blackboard and draw the outline of the country. On very few occasions did he ever look at an atlas. The outline completed, he would, step by step, fill in rivers, mountains, towns, each step being accompanied by some useful information—geographical, geological, historical. That old man and his methods made an impression on my mind which thirty-five years have not erased. In our writing lessons we always had to use quill pens. The theory, which certainly worked out in practice, being, I understand, that the continuous variety of quill avoided the tendency of a beginner to adapt his writing to the form of the nib, rather than the form of the copy. The blackboard can be abused. I recollect, a few years later at a Public School, a doubtless worthy mathematical master who seemed to think the blackboard a human explanatory agency. He would work out problems of algebra in white on black without a word of explanation, which left me cold—but then I always was a fool at algebra.—N.

## FARMER AND LABOURER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your leader on the relations between farmer and labourer seems very fair. There is no doubt that the old identity of interests no longer exists. Agricultural labour is becoming more mobile and the provision of more cottages will tend to make it more so. This may be the reason why the old friendly relations are ceasing to exist. In the past farm labourers have not received the consideration to which they were entitled. When the farmer had a good year his men did not share in his prosperity, but when he had a bad year he often obtained some reduction in his rent to compensate him. So the farmer scored both ways. Usually there is a great lack of interest on the part of the farmer for the welfare of the families of the labourer and their amusements. Very little or no support, financial or personal, is given to the local social or cricket clubs, anything that is done, is chiefly done by the landlords or clergy and by the village people as distinct from the farmers. I heard of a new farmer who docked his shepherd of two hours' pay when the shepherd had to go for a doctor to attend his wife. At another farmer's some cars and traps were put up for a whist drive; the farmer asked for half the tips given to the man who was looking after them. On the other hand, a great change has come over the quality of labour given by the younger men. They appear more indifferent, often too careless of the employer's interests,

and only concerned to get more and more wages. It is absurd to say that the standard of living has not increased despite the rise in cost of living. You have only to look at the clothes the younger men wear on Sundays and holidays. They have Burberrys, as well as smart overcoats. They all have new bicycles, including the small children. Here they have one or two dances a week, frequent whist drives and cricket every Saturday afternoon. I tried to get up football and boxing, but the farm hands would not support them. The new increase in wages is causing many farmers to reduce their hands. Certainly more land here is being put under grass. Less wheat will certainly be grown when the subsidy is taken off. Many of the farm labourers, especially those living on the farms, make a good deal of money out of fowls and eggs. True they have to feed them, but they get their runs free and lots of pick-up in the fields.—A. H. F., Newmarket.

## NASTURTIUMS AND WOOLLY APHIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very much interested in the article on "Woolly Aphis" in COUNTRY LIFE for April 24th as it explains what I had previously been unable to understand, namely, how a certain remedy which I applied to some trees of mine affected by this pest really brought about a cure. Rather over two years ago I noticed in one of the daily papers a letter from a correspondent saying that he had completely cured several badly infected trees by the use of an old local cure, namely, planting nasturtiums round the bases of the trees. I showed my gardener this letter and, though we were both decidedly sceptical, we decided to try it. There was a marked improvement during the first year after we planted the nasturtiums, and last year we were astonished to find that an old apple tree, which had been in a terrible state two years previously, remained quite immune as far as the visible branches were concerned throughout the whole year. I am continuing the treatment by again sowing nasturtiums at the base of all the trees which were originally infected, and I can quite see from your contributor's description of the habits of these pests that it is the presence of the seeds in the soil at the base of the tree during the winter months, when the parent insects are hibernating, which probably poisons these parent insects and so frees the upper part of the tree during the summer weather. I should be curious to know if any other of your readers have experimented with this extremely simple remedy, and whether they have met with the same pleasing success as has attended my efforts.—M. J. E. TILNEY.

## THE REPUTATION OF THE ROOK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Turning over the leaves of a 1597 book of the Scottish Statutes then in force I have happened on one of King James I (of Scotland, of course) of "xxvj Maij 1424," which shows pretty significantly what was then thought of the rook in the Land o' Cakes and more especially o' parrich. As follows: "19 Of bigging [? building] of Ruikes in trees." "ITEM For that men consideris that Ruikes biggand in Kirks, Zairdes, Orchardes, or Trees, dois greite skaith vpon Cornes: It is ordained that they that sik Trees pertainis to, lette them to big (? prevent them from building), & suffer on na wise that their birdes flie away. And quhair it be tainted that they big, and the Birdes be flowin, and the nest be funden in the Trees at Beltane the trees sal be foir-faulted to the King (bot gif they be redeemed fra him, throw them that they first pertained to) and hewin downe, and fine schillings to the King is unlaw." That was 500 years ago, and still we do not agree whether the rook is a ruffian or not. However (bless his cheery caw!) he is still with us.—DOUGLAS OWEN.

## NOTES ON THE CUCKOO OR CUCKOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the spring months of 1919 we were much serenaded here by two or more cuckoos and did not regret their departure in June as their morning notes had become troublesome. On July 25th a young cuckoo was discovered on the lawn, fully fledged, but unable to fly. For safety we put it in a large cage on the lawn. Presently it "tweeted," and two small birds—a flycatcher and a wagtail—began to feed it and worked assiduously till it died on July 30th.

Frequently the two little birds were on the top of the cage together, dropping insects, etc., into it. The cuckoo did not seem to have the sense to get off its perch for the food at the bottom of the cage. It had plenty of water. The Rev. F. O. Morris' "Book on Birds," Vol. II, folios 50 and 51, mentions cases where the young cuckoo was fed by a small bird. In this case there were two of different species. In Deuteronomy, Chap. 14, verse 5, cuckoo is mentioned as a bird forbidden for food. A great uncle who lived at Acomb, Northumberland, records in his Diary on May 12th, 1799: "Heard the Cuckow for the first time this morning."—W. R. MEWBURN.

## THE CENTENARY OF ARTHUR YOUNG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The April which ended yesterday marks the centenary of the death of Arthur Young, and might well be the occasion of some fitting tribute to his memory. "In France such a man would have had his statue long ago," writes Miss Betham Edwards, editor of his "Autobiography" and "Travels in France"; and, indeed, France loved him well and perhaps knows more of him than his native land. In the words of Lesage: "France has made an adopted child of Arthur Young." No more enthusiastic lover of agriculture ever breathed, and it is doubtful whether any one ever did more for the cause. "He was the soul and inspiration of the Progressive Movement." Would that we had an Arthur Young now to rouse the nation once more to a sense of the vital importance of its agriculture. To no man more than to Young were the thanks of England due for enabling her to feed her rapidly increasing population during the industrial revolution and during the Napoleonic wars. The idea of travelling far and wide over the country, comparing different methods of agriculture and explaining and recommending the best, had occurred to no agricultural writer before. Young's "Six Weeks Tour," published in 1768, obtained immediately a wide circulation. It was followed in 1771 by the "Six Months Tour" and the "Eastern Tour." The idea of a farmer's tour through England has been followed since Young's time by Caird in 1850, Sir H. Rider Haggard in 1902, and Sir A. D. Hall in 1913, and to some extent by Marshall in 1800 and Cobbett in 1830. But travelling in Young's day was an arduous undertaking, and the ignorance in one district of farming practice in another only a few miles off would in these days be inconceivable. Much that Arthur Young wrote may be studied with profit to-day by the practical farmer. Take, for instance, the following passage: "The expenses of arable land are so very heavy that a low price of corn will not pay them; but those of grass land are comparatively light; nor is there any means of placing himself in as safe a situation as circumstances will admit as this of laying to grass. . . . When the Legislature of a country shows a constant disposition towards measures that shall keep corn low . . . farmers have no other way to meet this mischievous policy than laying certain portions of their land to grass." The latest authority on laying down to grass, the late Mr. R. H. Elliot (Clifton-Elliott System), turns for information to Arthur Young's still unpublished MSS. in the British Museum; and devotes a whole chapter to him and his writings on the subject. Again, the system of feeding pigs on home-grown produce may well appeal to the present-day farmer who has had to buy meal at a much higher price than he can get for his wheat. Not only as a writer on agriculture is Arthur Young famous. No writer on economic or social history can get far without frequent reference to his writings. His biography exhibits a fascinating personality and one of extraordinary energy and physical power. When Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, he tells us, "every Saturday I walked 17 miles to my farm and back again on Monday morning." The latest sketch of his life and work, and a very vivid one, is given by Lord Ernle in "English Farming Past and Present." Many of the most important works and interesting incidents in Arthur Young's life have not been alluded to in this letter—his "Agricultural Surveys" of no fewer than eight counties for the Board of Agriculture, his "his meetings with Dr. Johnson, Burke, Fanny Burney and Coke of Norfolk, his passionate devotion to his little daughter "Bobbie," and finally his strenuous work among the poor when an old blind man.—N. G. L. CHILD.



## A HIGHLAND TYPE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a type which may still be found in the Highlands, in spite of machinery and modern educational methods. It was taken in Letterfearn, a small village on Loch Duich, in Ross-shire, a village where the picturesque cottages have, until recently, been thatched with bracken, and barrels are in many cases used as chimneys. Now, alas, the thatch is being replaced by corrugated iron, as the former wears out. The women, or some of them, at any rate, still make homespuns, and Gaelic is the common tongue of the natives, so that a visitor feels truly that he is a real foreigner. Auld Margaret herself could speak no English, while the children on first going to school have to begin by learning what is to them an alien tongue. It was typical of Scottish ideas



AULD MARGARET.

that in one breath the schoolmaster spoke of Edinburgh University as his *alma mater*, and in the next stated without embarrassment that one of his sons was a police constable in Glasgow and the other a piper in a Highland regiment.—F. WESTON.

## RACING IN RHINELAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may be interested to see how we amuse ourselves when exiled on the Rhine.



LEADING IN FEUERBACH AT THE COLOGNE SPRING MEETING.

The photograph shows a scene from the Cologne Spring Meeting. The principal event was won by Feuerbach, an outsider, and here you see him being led in after his victory.—H. W.

## THE FIRST CHESTNUT TREE TO BLOOM IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Two miles from Winchester, on the Basingstoke Road, lies the village of King's Worthy, which once a year is blessed beyond all other villages, for it is to her that spring whispers first of warmer days. Her peculiar privilege is this—that every year she has the earliest chestnut tree in the country to come into bloom. For many years people marvelled at this portent. Some, who did not know the village well, thought that it might be brought about by the unusual piety of the inhabitants; others, that it was a mere freak of nature. Still more failed to notice it at all. But the mystery has now been solved. A hot spring has been discovered under the ground close to the roots of the tree.—L. F. EASTERBROOK.

## INDIVIDUALISM IN FOWLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a belief that some fowls do not know their own "minds" till they become aged birds, but I have not known the age as fixed at six years, as suggested in the interesting letter from "Fleur-de-Lys" some little time ago. Still, some fowls will desire to sit when quite young pullets, and a hen keeper I knew used to get a whip to her fowls which persisted in sitting as soon as a single egg lay in the nest, and one hen took some whippings before its ways and methods were mended. On the other hand, some fowls will not settle down to incubation unless they are made prisoners to the nest, by tying them or otherwise, so that they cannot get out. If such do get at liberty they find a hole in some hedge bottom or rabbit burrow, and there lay eggs and sit on them for the usual time, and then lead the brood in triumph home with much pride and many clucks. I have heard the proverb "as perverse as an old hen" on several occasions, yet young ones are quite as bad. A young hen will make quite a fuss over her first egg, and some country folk put her pratings into words and make it out to be—

An egg a day, an egg a day,  
An' still I go barefoot!

To which the cock says in indignation:

I've gone slip-slop  
To every shop to find a shoe  
To fit your foot.

Would you ha' me heart out? Madame!

Country folks can make speech of all the sounds dumb creatures make, and there is nothing worse to the ears of a farmer's wife or maid than a perverse or crowing hen. The latter gets its neck wrung very soon if it persists or the cock does not kill it. Yes, there is a lot of "individualism in fowls," and it is easy to find it.—DERBYSHIRE.

## A CURIOUS SCOTTISH DOVECOTE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Possibly the dovecote, of which I enclose a photograph, may be of interest to



A DOVECOTE AT PHANTASSIE, HADDINGTON-SHIRE.

readers of COUNTRY LIFE on account of the very unusual style of roof. These circular pigeon houses are quite common in both England and Scotland; but this is the only example I have so far seen on which a sloping roof has been contrived. But a somewhat similar, though usually more elaborate arrangement, was frequently adopted in the South of France, where protection against the mistral was a matter of importance to the pigeon keeper, and I am inclined to think, considering the close connection formerly existing—as now once again—between Scotland and France, that this particular dovecote was designed and built by a Scotsman who had visited that district of the friendly land and admired the ingenuity of the plan, or, possibly, suggested to the builder by some Frenchman who chanced to be his guest. The building is to be found on the farm of Phantassie, close to East Linton, Haddingtonshire, and its old walls are still musical with the roo-cooing of doves. Indeed, I find this to be the case with many more dovecotes than I had imagined, considering the campaign now being waged so bitterly against the wood pigeon, and the fact that dovecotes fell into disuse, both in this country and in France, largely on account of the great damage done to crops by their inhabitants.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

## BIRDS IN A PARISIAN GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may interest you that in the garden at the back of my house, in the centre of Paris, the garden of the former Austro-Hungarian Embassy, there is a pair of lesser spotted woodpeckers (*Dendrocopos minor*) which I have frequently seen and heard during the past two months.—THOMAS POWELL.

## THE EFFECT OF A THUNDERSTORM

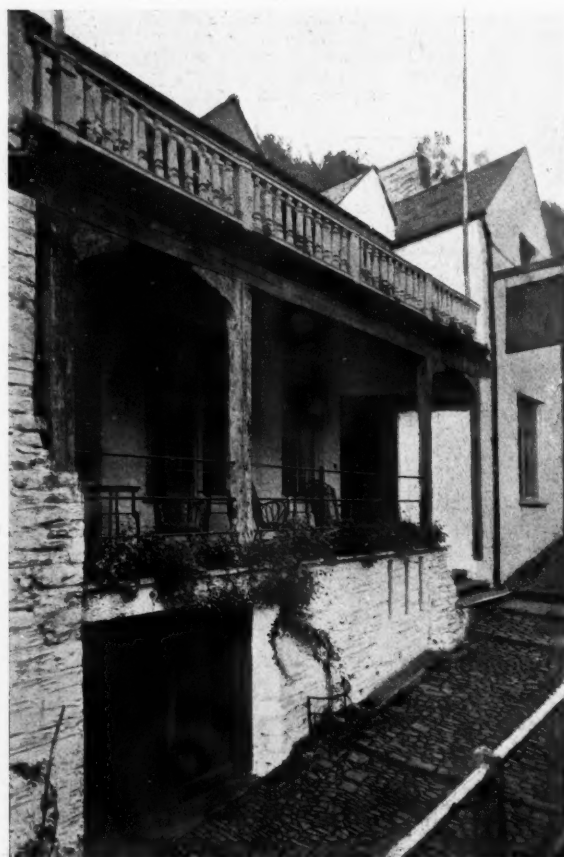
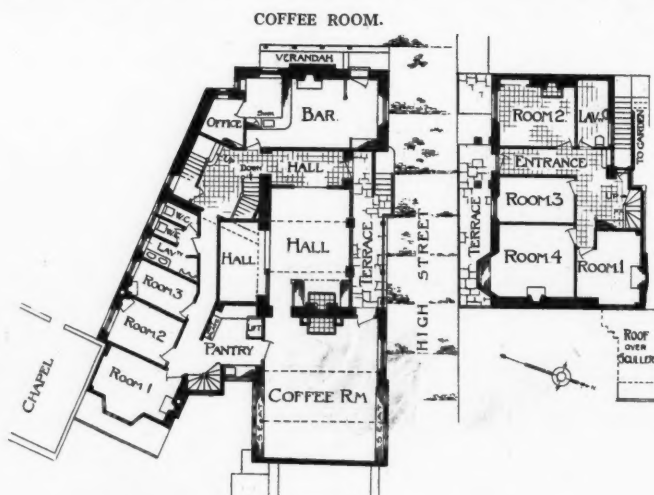
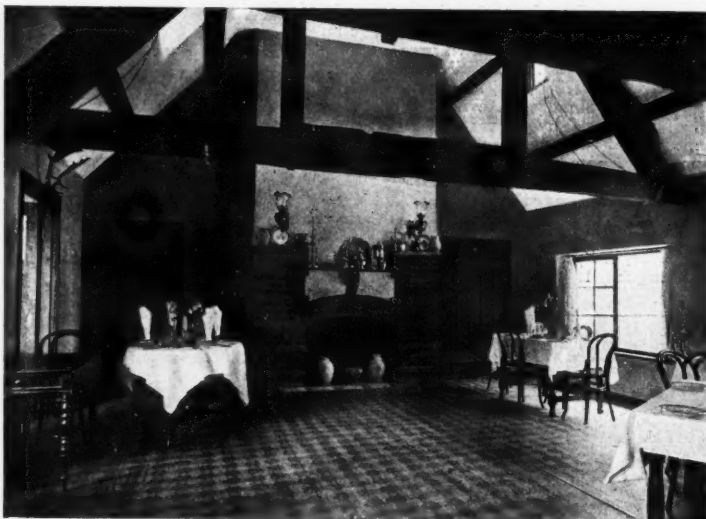
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On April 13th this district was visited by bleak, cold winds and rain, which, in the afternoon, culminated in a violent thunderstorm, the lightning being unusually vivid and the peals of thunder long and very heavy. Some blackthorn growing close to the house was covered with bud, but there was no sign of these opening. Some plum trees were just in the same state. Ten minutes before the storm I examined both, and expressed an opinion that the buds would not expand until the cold wind had passed. On looking out of my window, immediately after the storm, I was astonished to see that the blackthorn had burst into bloom and a visit to the orchard showed that the plum trees had done the same. The wind was still cold, there was no sunshine, and I am wondering if the electrically charged air, during the storm, could have had the effect of hurrying forward the opening of the blossom. Has any other reader had the same experience? —H. T. C.

## REBUILDING A COUNTRY INN

**I**N the West Country there is probably no little place that is better remembered than the village of Clovelly, built in a narrow cleft in the wooded cliffs of North Devon. It is so steep that no wheeled traffic is possible, and the High Street is stepped from top to bottom; in which respect the village is probably unique in our own country. Its steep cobbled street, whitewash and donkey traffic recall the hill villages of Sicily and Southern Italy, but its cottages are none the less typically Devonshire, and frequently of cob. The whole village is on the Clovelly property, and Mrs. Hamlyn, the present proprietor, has undertaken its adaptation to present-day needs, but in doing so she has very wisely been careful to preserve the characteristics of the place. About half-way up the High Street is the New Inn. When the lease of this came to an end shortly before the War, and considerable repairs and remodelling became necessary, Mrs. Hamlyn decided that the comparatively modern block, a tall, gaunt building, quite out of keeping with its surroundings, should be reconstructed to harmonise, and as part of the scheme some adjoining cottages were absorbed and the whole reconstructed on modern lines.

The problems confronting the architects, Messrs. Orphoot and Whiting, were somewhat unusual—at any rate in a country village. In the first place, land for extension is more difficult to acquire in Clovelly than in the City of London, for the simple reason that every available yard of the cleft is built over. Then, unlike most buildings, the first view you get on approaching is a bird's-eye one, and the roof plan therefore becomes an important part of the design; the ground level at the back of parts of the building is about 25ft. above the level of the street at the front! And, finally, all material has either to be man-hauled down the steep street, or brought down on donkeys' backs.



GENERAL VIEW LOOKING UP THE HIGH STREET.

THE "NEW INN," CLOVELLY;  
Orphoot and Whiting.

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE AND VERANDAH.



The site is on both sides of the High Street. In the old buildings, kitchens, bar, living-rooms and bedrooms were all indiscriminately mixed, dinner being served across the street to the dining-room. Under the new scheme it was decided that the bar, kitchens, etc., should be transferred from the left block to the right block, so as to bring all the public rooms and administrative and catering arrangements under one roof. This block was completed in 1914. The left block becomes practically a bedroom annexe. It could not be finished owing to the war, but is now nearing completion. The great variations in the level of the site largely influenced the planning, which provides for the usual requirements of a country inn. Heavy retaining walls and dry passages are inevitable at some points. Parts of the old buildings were of cob, and the architects would have willingly perpetuated this traditional style, but were forced to give it up owing to the lack of space. The buildings are, therefore, mostly constructed of beach pebbles (a donkey only being able to bring up two at a time) mixed with a certain amount of quarried stone, dinged and lime-washed, which has produced an attractive wall surface. The timberwork both outside and inside is partly oak cut on the estate and partly soft wood from an old American ship. The rough appearance is not any straining to imitate the antique,

but the quite legitimate adaptation of the timber as taken from the old ship. As regards the roofs, like all those in the district, the slates come from Delabole, the only difference being that rag slates have been introduced; and these being in large and random-sized pieces, often with a pleasant russet colour, give a variety to the roof surfaces. The rag slate is fixed without boarding or battens, but the art of doing this is unfortunately dying out. The architects, however, have striven to get back to the old manner of building, and in this endeavour they have been largely aided by Mr. J. Lott, the estate overseer, whose fund of knowledge of local ways and materials has been invaluable.

In this matter of traditional building craft, the more one sees of it the more one realises that our modern ways are sadly lacking in the qualities which the old builders displayed. Whether it is in the making of a brick, the finish of stone, the detailing of wood, always we have a model to follow in the work of the old craftsmen; and though many of us are not prepared to accept the "leave it to the workman" idea of building, unquestionably the art of the drawing-board needs the corrective that is given by a sympathetic study of the builder's art.

R. R. P.

## IMPERFECTIONS of RACING at EPSOM

NOTES ON RECENT WINNERS.



W. A. Rouch.

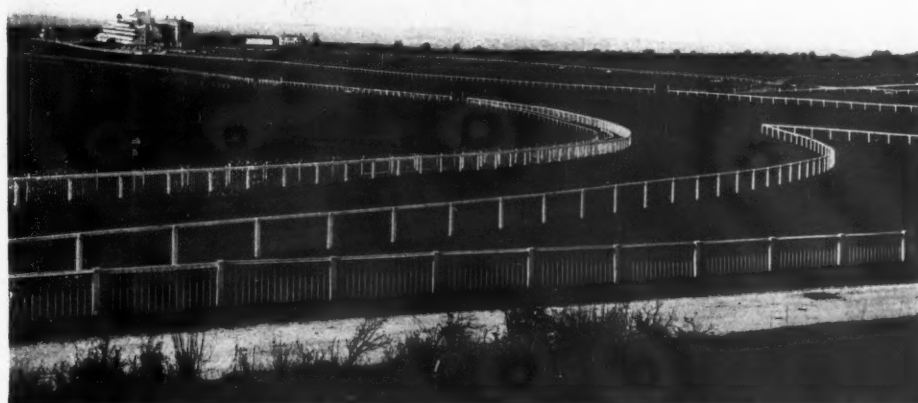
THE START FOR THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES.

Copyright.

**I**MMEDIATE interest in racing is concerned with the outcome of the races this week for the Two Thousand Guineas and One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. They may profitably be discussed a week hence when their import has been well weighed, for, of course, they must have an important bearing on the Derby and Oaks. For the moment let me turn to some of the outstanding events of last week at Epsom and Sandown Park.

Racing at Epsom may be said to be under new management, since Mr. Walter Langlands and Captain Dorling now jointly hold the office of Clerk of the Course in succession to the latter's father, who reigned for a great many years. They have introduced a number of improvements, and a notable one is the alteration in the line of descent round Tattenham Corner and the turn into the straight. On the whole the jockeys approved of it, and it is likely that there will be complete satisfaction when some newly made going has settled down. Last week it was false and trappy as the result of having been recently laid, while days of heavy rain had retarded its settlement. While on the subject of

Tattenham Corner I would press on Lord Lonsdale, a Steward of the Jockey Club, who is taking a keen interest in improvements at Epsom, the great necessity of erecting a number board in that vicinity. People who assemble there in their thousands on Derby Day make no payment for being on the spot—the Downs are free to all comers—but the authorities, considering the national character of the race, might consider the convenience of the public in this small matter. It must be long after



THE COURSE AT EPSOM SHOWING THE NEW CORNER AND THE TWO SETS OF RAILS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE OLD CORNER.

a race before they know what has won, and then word can only come by being passed along from the vicinity of the Grand Stand.

That Grand Stand, of course, ought to be "crashed" and a new one erected. Architecturally it has for years past been hopelessly inadequate and out of date, and every meeting that comes and goes merely demonstrates its utter inability to accommodate the thousands whose money is taken for admission to it. The racecourse, in my opinion, is a bad one, and no amount of alterations and tinkering with its conformation can ever make it into a good one, affording a true test of racing. Far too much depends on the draw for places at the start, especially in the short distance races. Thus the element of luck plays too big a part, and the results, of course, are often misleading. They are bound to be so, for the good reason that the best horse is often deprived of the chance of winning through being handicapped from 7lb. to 10lb. by an unfortunate draw. The Derby has always been run there except in the War years, when there were the New Derbys at Newmarket. And I suppose it always will be, though were a choice to be made to-day Epsom would be the last place selected for deciding the greatest race in the world for three year olds. It is maintained there now by tradition, which the older it grows is the more cherished and, therefore, made secure from disturbance.

But there is one matter for which the Epsom authorities can offer no excuse. The prizes they offer are dreadfully poor and show no attempt to observe recent recommendations of the Jockey Club bearing on the questions of increased stakes, lower entry fees, free stabling for horses and accommodation for the lads in charge. The money they gave at their Spring Meeting last week was unworthy of the place, and, as has been pointed out elsewhere, has actually been exceeded in a single day at a modest place like Alexandra Park. The new Clerks of the Course will not be successful until they show in a practical way their desire to relieve owners of their extremely heavy burdens in these days. More people are going racing now than prior to the War, and consequently more money is being received at the gates of race courses. Yet some executives—Epsom is one of them—do not increase the values of their stakes or reduce their entry fees. Owners, on the other hand, find their expenses nearly trebled while they are racing for the same money with the sovereign representing only a third of what its value was in 1914! It cannot go on, and the next thing to happen will be a boycott of the meetings which represent a policy so greedy and grasping.

Corn Sack, who won the City and Suburban for Sir Ernest Paget, is a four year old gelding by Buckwheat, a horse which—writing from memory—won the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park when in Lord Carnarvon's stable and trained by Mr. "Dick" Dawson. Corn Sack, ran a dead game race at Epsom last week, and to that fact, in addition to the fine jockeyship of A. Balding, he owed his victory by a few inches over Square Measure, who, putting up a 10lb. penalty, finished only a neck in front of Furious, also a penalty carrier of 10lb. incurred in winning the Lincolnshire Handicap. Furious was our selection to win the "City," and I think we were unlucky. Had his jockey, Robbins, shown a little more patience and restrained himself from the policy of riding the horse from pillar to post I think he would have had that little bit in reserve which would have made all the difference. Then, again, the followers of Square Measure blame their jockey, Slatwell, for coming to win his race a moment too soon. Naturally, I suppose, in such a close thing between three only the followers of one of them can honestly rejoice.

I do not think Corn Sack was greatly fancied by the stable even though the public backed him well, and the fact that he pulled through rather opened his trainer's eyes to the fact that his horses were even more forward than he had supposed. Then the day after came the Esher Cup, a £1,000 handicap for three year olds at Sandown Park, and Mr. Gilpin proceeded to win it in really good style with the three year old Roman Bachelor, owned by Mr. Nigel Baring, who for twelve years past has been Master of the Limerick Hunt. Roman Bachelor is a lengthy, short-legged chestnut horse by Bachelor's Double, and very much resembles Tredennis, the sire of Bachelor's Double. There is no doubt he possesses both speed and stamina, and in the circumstances it was to be expected that the colt's success should draw attention to other three year olds in the Clarehaven stable at Newmarket, notably Paragon, who is owned by Sir Ernest Paget, and is under orders as I write to run for the Two Thousand Guineas. Then another three year old in the stable is Sarchedon, but he is by The Tetrarch, and belief is rapidly hardening into fact that horses got by the famous grey do not stay. Sarchedon



W. A. Rouch.

CORN SACK: WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

Copyright.

is not engaged in the Two Thousand, so that we are not likely to see him before the Derby.

The winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes turned up in an absolutely unconsidered outsider named Viaduct, four years, 6st., owned in partnership by Commander Ward and Major E. L. Gibson. These two owners were interested in several horses, but the partnership having now been dissolved, Viaduct goes to Major Gibson, and Somerville to Commander Ward. The choice was made before the astonishing Great Metropolitan result. Viaduct could not win a wretched event for four year old hurdlers at Cardiff on Easter Monday. Yet here he beat Trespasser at 16lb. by many lengths. In a hurdle race Trespasser would have been set to give him at least 3st. Trespasser, I may add, was a hot favourite for this long distance race at Epsom, but the explanation of his failure was perfectly simple. He could not stay.

Perhaps the best two year old winner of the week was Sir Robert Jardine's Gerunda, who took the Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes. He got up on the post to beat Lord Lonsdale's greatly fancied Bayonne. Both are fillies, the winner being a Stedfast from Gera, an extremely well bred mare at Sir Gilbert Greenall's Stud in Ireland, while Bayonne is by Diadumenos. The stock of this Orby horse is going to do very well indeed.

PHILIPPOS.



# IMPERIAL AIRSHIP SERVICE

By WARD MUIR.

THE address on the "Commercial Future of Airships" read at the Royal Society of Arts by Air-Commodore Maitland has raised again a most important point in regard to our inter-Colonial fast transport services. A little while ago the Press was full of exciting accounts of aeroplane flights across the Atlantic, to India, to Australia, to the Cape, and so on. But, granting a due measure of tribute to the almost unbelievable courage of the men who achieved—or even attempted—these feats, one may still be a little sceptical about the value of the scientific results which were supposed to accrue. Actually, to be sure, they demonstrated that though these long aeroplane flights could be done once or twice, they were so difficult, so dangerous, and involved such elaborate and expensive preparations that it was idle to suggest that at the present stage they could be repeated regularly. Our younger airmen, who but yesterday were incurring frightful risks above the battlefield, seem ready at any moment to try any flying adventure, however perilous, and "stunt" journalism is willing to take advantage of this gallant, if rash, idiosyncrasy; but older and more serious students of aeronautics have looked askance at many of the attempts which have savoured more of the spectacular than the useful. I remember that only recently, when the papers had columns of hour-to-hour accounts of one of these popular flying contests, I happened to enter the presence of a group of experts and was quite startled at the fierce indignation that they one and all expressed in regard to the whole affair. The possibility of the flight in question being completed merely proved—as someone savagely remarked—that, by a paradox, the flight was impossible.

The truth, which the public seem hardly yet to have realised, is that the aeroplane is still a machine for short distance flights, and to suggest—as some journalists have, at least by implication, suggested—that anything like a regular trans-continental or trans-oceanic aeroplane service could be established in the near future is absurd. Flying men are themselves the first to admit that, if real safety is contemplated, aerodromes would have to be located, along any route, at something like twenty-mile intervals. Such a proposition in regard to the route to the East, or down through Africa, is simply unthinkable. The cost of upkeep would be prohibitive in, for instance, the jungle, where armies of labourers would have to toil continuously at the mere task of keeping the ground clear of vegetation. And if landing-places at wider intervals are proposed, the flight at once assumes the aspect of a kind of gamble. For the aeroplane, if any defect arises in its engines, *must* alight; and it cannot alight on hills or in a marsh or on water or in woods; nor can it launch itself again without a free run of space from which to take off. A glance at the map, or a moment's thought in regard to the vast tracts of wilderness between, say, Cairo and Capetown, will convince any educated person that the long aeroplane journeys which have been made so much of in the Press can scarcely be said to foreshadow any immediate developments of practical commercial use. But as soon as we consider these same journeys in terms, not of the aeroplane, but of the airship, our whole perspective is shifted.

Perhaps it is allowable to recall that this journal, during and since the War, has consistently reminded its readers of this most important factor in all their consideration of the problems of commercial and pleasure flying. During the War I made a couple of flights, as representative of COUNTRY LIFE (the only journal, I think, which gained this privilege), on board one of our non-rigid coastal airships when it was performing its anti-submarine patrols. Those flights were described and pictured in these pages, and though the articles were sadly mangled by the Censor, I think I was able to indicate that the dirigible was by no means a clumsy toy, in the experimental stage, but, on the contrary, a highly important weapon of war. Later, when peace came, I returned more than once to the subject; and at a time when everybody was talking about aeroplane flights and the airship was being pooh-poohed or forgotten, COUNTRY LIFE was one of the few journals which protested. Now, at last, the airship is coming to the front, as was always inevitable, and Commodore Maitland's address hammered home to his audience at the Royal Society of Arts a number of facts with which the readers of this journal have long been familiar. He backed up those facts, however, with figures hitherto unavailable; and these are worth grave consideration.

The first objection urged against the airship is its cost; and the second, the cost of building bases to accommodate it, the said bases consisting of enormous housing sheds and an extensive plant for repairs, gas-manufacture, and so on. But whereas an inter-continental aeroplane service would require a colossal string of aerodromes, each with its staff, only about five bases would be required to run services of airships to all parts of the Empire. The expenses of these bases are therefore relatively less heavy than at first sight appears. And the whole

problem has been simplified by the invention of the mooring mast. This is a kind of tower with a revolving top to which the airship's nose is attached. The airship can ride safely, in this manner, suspended aloft; can take on board fresh fuel, passengers, and supplies of all sorts, and need never "alight" or enter a shed except for repair. "Mooring stations" would thus be substituted in many instances for the hitherto essential "bases." (For example, on the proposed England—Egypt—India route there would only be a mooring-out mast at Karachi, while in England and at Cairo there would be double-shed bases. This journey from England to India, by the way, would take four and a half days in a ship of the R38 class, now actually under construction.)

An R38 rigid airship (two and three-quarter million cubic feet) at present costs £460,000; but this is because our airship construction has never yet been standardised: throughout the length and breadth of the huge craft nearly all the parts are, so to speak, hand-made, when they might be—and soon will be—largely machine-made. In Germany a considerable degree of standardisation in airship building has been reached, and there is such an obvious certainty that the same thing will occur here that Commodore Maitland calculated the cost of such a ship not at £400,000, but at half this sum—an assumption which no subsequent speaker challenged. A commercial airship base, to hold two ships, would cost £550,000; it would have to be built in a reasonably flat area, but the quality of the ground and the surface would be unimportant: this, of course, being a proviso in sharp contrast to the requirements of an aerodrome for heavier-than-air machines. To erect and equip a mooring mast would cost £25,000.

It is not necessary to go into the long list of other figures detailed in Commodore Maitland's elaborate tables; suffice it to say that he is confident that an airship of the R38 type can be operated at an in-all cost of 2s. 9d. per ton mile, and would show a profit of 15 per cent. on the capital invested in it. With a four million cubic feet airship the all-in cost would be 1s. 9d. per ton mile. And it is worth mentioning that any commercial type of airship can be instantly converted for war purposes, in case of need—bombs merely take the place of cargo.

As for regularity in a commercial airship service, over correctly chosen routes no difficulty is anticipated on this score. The German airship *Bodensee*, which flies between Berlin and Friedrichshaven, recently did sixty flights in sixty-four consecutive days, although she was a new and comparatively untried vessel. On the England—India trip there is little doubt that the airships could arrive and depart as punctually and regularly as the normal steamers. But the airship passenger would experience at least one great advantage over the steamship passenger—he could be in an equable temperature throughout the whole of his journey; the sweltering heat of the Red Sea, for instance, would not be felt if the airship rose to a suitable altitude to escape it.

The airship and the aeroplane (as General Brancker remarked, at the Royal Society of Arts) are not rivals. They are destined, rather, to co-operate. The long-distance, overseas flights, with passengers or merchandise, will be done by the airships: these will be "fed" by fast aeroplane services to their bases. The airships, of course, can fly steadily through the night as well as by day; they can maintain a continuous air speed during the whole twenty-four hours; they can deviate from their course and take advantage of favourable winds; they can fly high and—what is even pleasanter for their passengers—fly low: owing to their great range they require few intermediate landings. Between England and Egypt, a two days' flight, there would be no intermediate landings at all, and therefore no international complications (as with the aeroplane) in regard to 'dromes in foreign territory. Between England and India there would be only one halt, of half a day, at Cairo. Between England and Australia (*via* South Africa), a trip which would take ten days as against the steamer's twenty-five, there would be only three half-day halts.

The prospect thus opened up is a fascinating one—but one which at the present juncture is hardly realisable without Government help. In this connection an observation of Commodore Maitland is well worth pondering: "Everything in civilisation ultimately depends on transport and communication, which may be termed the machinery of civilisation, and if civilisation is to progress, transport and communication must be developed. The study of the effect of transport and communication on history is of absorbing interest, both in indicating the line along which they should be developed in the future and the benefits humanity may expect to obtain. If ancient history is studied from this point of view, the almost mathematical relation between size of Empire and ease of transport and communication becomes apparent."

## FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

**The Life of Thomas Coutts**, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (Lane, 2 vols., 42s.)

THE recent discovery of a large number of letters written by and to Thomas Coutts, the banker, has thrown new light and interest on many events and personages of the last part of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. By reason of his profession Coutts was in intimate connection with the leading actors of the historical drama of that period. He knew better than anyone how a parliamentary majority was secured and the secrets of many a political transaction were his. He was a man of independence of judgment, of attractive personality and "peculiar sensibility of heart," proud and dignified, tactful and absolutely to be trusted. He was welcomed as a friend as well as an adviser in the houses of the great. All this we gather from his letters—the letters of a business man put before us in a business-like way. We cannot too highly praise Mr. Hartley Coleridge for his wise comments on the letters throughout the book and for the reserve he displays in editing the love letters to Harriot Mellon, the actress whom Mr. Coutts married in his eightieth year, after a faithful and devoted married life with his first wife which had lasted fifty years.

**Pilate Gave Sentence**, by C. M. Cresswell. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

PROBABLY all of us have our own picture gallery composed of portraits of those about whom we have read—pictures painted by our more or less skilled imaginations—and we jealously guard these galleries: they are private and very precious and we resent any interference by an outsider. The author of *Pilate Gave Sentence* risked much in putting into the light of public day her gallery and displaying for all men to see the biblical personalities who played a leading part at the time of the ministry and death of Our Lord. But she has succeeded beyond our highest hopes. The intensity of the drama is worked up skillfully to a fitting climax, there is nothing jarring or impertinent in the characterisation (Christ himself does not appear in these pages) and readers whose galleries contain only faded and indistinct pictures will find them freshly and sympathetically coloured by Miss Cresswell.

**The Ancient Allan**, by H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell, 8s. 6d.)

To be in Egypt with Sir Rider Haggard is better than any Cook's personally conducted tour, for with him there are no jarring conditions, and the journey can be taken in a comfortable armchair accompanied by the luscious chocolate or the soothing cigarette. Our friend Allan Quartermaine and his friend Lady Ragnall inhale the pungent odours of "Tadaki" and most conveniently for the author they assume ancient Egyptian personalities. Allan becomes Shabaka, a great hunter, and

Lady Ragnall is transformed into Amada, Princess of Egypt and cousin to Shabaka. Then are we dipped into the mysteries, the glory and colour of the land of the Pharaohs and then does the author enjoy himself, and it goes without saying that the reader enjoys himself too.

**Prestige**, by J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul, 7s.)

"WHERE would prestige be without publicity? And where would the British Empire be without prestige?" So writes the cynic, but the man into whose mouth Mr. Lloyd puts these words, Sir James Golding, is not a cynic, but the proprietor of numerous mediocre and popular periodicals, the innocuous little journals that deal brightly with the surface-things of life and feed the lazy minds of a large portion of the British public. The struggle of genius and independence of thought and freedom of soul against hack work and the Golding mind is a strenuous one. Love struggles are interwoven with intellectual struggles, and fifteen crowded years slip past while the scenes of this clever book claim our attention. Mr. Lloyd has an agile mind and he expects his readers to be equally agile; he, at all events, does not pander to the lazy ones.

**One Million Francs**, by A. Frederick. (Nash, 7s. 6d.)

**The Fullerton Case**, by R. Doubleday. (Nash, 7s. 6d.)

THOSE who thirst for excitement may sip their nectar from these two detective stories. The former is said to be founded on fact, and though the story—the concealment of a will and the wrongful conversion of money—is ingenious enough, the hand of the amateur can be felt in the telling of it and it loses somewhat thereby. But as an episode that has really occurred it will be of interest. *The Fullerton Case* is a more elaborate tale of murder and fraud and love and hate, and the character drawing has not been altogether sacrificed to the incident.

**The Black Curtain**, by Douglas Goldring. (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)

MR. GOLDRING'S new book is of free spirits, dwellers in Bohemia, over whom hangs the black curtain of the war, puzzling the thinkers and confusing the seekers as they grope more or less blindly towards the light. Philip, on whom our eyes are focussed, is a seething mass of contradictions; Anne, a study of rebellious femininity, is his guiding star. It is all very interesting and very modern, and, though at times we vehemently disagree with the author's views, we must admit that he often hits the nail very smartly on the head in an astoundingly clever way.

## RACKETS

THE Public School Rackets this year produced no great pair, in the sense that Andrews and Rattigan, Leatham and Denison, Basil Foster and W. H. B. Evans, Pennell and Garnett and some earlier pairs from Harrow were great; but there is no doubt that the best school won. Malvern were not the best pair that have been turned out from that brilliant school; but they were quite good enough to win, and to win fairly on their merits. Johnny Laker, who is one of the best coaches in the world, had a satisfied smile from the first practice onwards. Knowing him, that smile made the critics who were certain that Eton and Wellington would meet in the final think rather moodily.

Wellington should have done better than they did. After beating Winchester and Marlborough very easily, they went all to pieces against Malvern. It is true that Robson served extremely well for Malvern, and that Deed—the best second string seen in the competition since Harrison of Wellington—missed absolutely nothing and piled Pelion on Ossa in that important third game. He approached the gods indeed, and quite upset Wellington, who did not know what to make of the "weak" player who hit the ball back twice as hard as it came to him. A little bewildered, Wellington resorted to patting the ball up and hoping that their opponents would make mistakes. This they declined to do. I know that Hawes, the Wellington professional, a beautiful player and a grand teacher of the game, rushed down to implore "his boys" to hit the ball at any cost; but Durlacher was off his game, and Lees was looking to him for a lead. It did not come.

Eton were happy enough in their half of the competition. They went through to the final quite easily, although H. P. Guinness was never steady enough to inspire confidence for a final. He goes for the ball blind off the side wall, but does not go blind enough, if one may put it that way. As thus: a blind half-volley off the side wall is perfectly permissible, if you get close enough to the wall; but unless the racket meets the wall almost at the moment that the ball does, the shot is useless. Mr. Dames-Longworth in the back-hand court—with his tense fore-arm stroke—and the Hon. Clarence Bruce in the fore-hand court are typical examples; and Peter Latham, of course, in either. Mr. Guinness improved every match, however, and his service was quite good at the finish. R. Aird was, until the final, the finest player in the competition. His wrist-work is beautiful, and he made one *coup-de-temps* off a difficult service that was worthy of Peter Latham. After that, all praise is dead. Unfortunately he lost his service in the semi-final and serving too softly in the final rather upset himself. That is to

say, trying to play too softly on his service spoilt his game in the rallies: it seemed to rob him of confidence.

Charterhouse beat Harrow very easily and put up a good fight against Eton. The Harrow pair are very young, but they have two more years at the school each; and C. S. Crawley, I understand, has three. He is the son of Stafford Crawley, who played with John Stogdon in 1895, unless my memory is out a year.

There was a Rackets Dinner at the Club after the semi-final, which was very interesting indeed. Nearly all the great players of recent years were present, barring the soldiers, of course. It would not be fair to give the names, as some of them were probably supposed to be elsewhere. The speeches were of rackets and little else, though a good deal of wit—and one good boxing story—got into the conversation.

To end up with something extremely pleasant: the R.N.C. Dartmouth entered a pair for the first time in the history of the competition. They lost to Malvern in the first round and so have the satisfaction of having been beaten by the ultimate winners. They were heavily handicapped by playing in a very slow court at home, and never got the pace of Queens. Once entered, however, they are certain to continue to carry on. "Still" will never be their order while the Public School Rackets are on.

The 'Varsity Rackets were good and if space was not so small they would be delightful to discuss. The hitting of Mr. Simpson, of Oxtord, was purely delightful. So was the pluck with which Mr. R. H. Hill of Cambridge tackled him in the Singles. He was most unlucky not to get a game. If he can get the Hon. Clarence Bruce to show him the secret of the drag on the ball, when serving into the fore-hand court, he will make the best of them travel one day. F. B. WILSON.

**MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S** revival of "As You Like It" at the Lyric

Theatre holds in store for the theatre-going public much that is enjoyable. Mr. Herbert Marshall's Jaques, however, the melancholy Jaques, is far more than enjoyable. The well worn speech beginning "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players" comes forth as fresh as if newly minted. It is delivered with the art in which art is concealed—just as a thoughtful man might think aloud—and it alone would make the performance something not to be missed. Miss Athene Seyler's rendering of Rosalind, too, is a commendable piece of acting. The play is given without "cuts," but it is a pity that in order to do so it should be necessary to "speed it up" quite so much, for in the hurry some of the full flavour is lost. Nevertheless, the revival is well worth seeing, and the music, played throughout by two solo violins, viola and cello, is decidedly pleasing.



## NATURE NOTES

## THE NESTING HABITS OF THE MISSEL-THRUSH

TWO pairs of missel-thrushes have nested in my garden this spring, and it is rather interesting to compare the nesting habits of birds of the same species. In every way they are different, but I have usually found that most birds have some individual difference from their fellows, and these missel-thrushes confirm this opinion. One nest is built in a tall clift, variegated holly, the other in a large yew tree. The latter is situated between the fork of a branch only just above my head, and at first I thought that the magpies had raided it, for it resembled nothing so much as a bundle of hay pushed carelessly into the fork of the branch and decorated with a few white feathers. The hay hanging down in long streamers and the feathers fluttering in the breeze. However, after careful watching, I found that the missel-thrush was laying in the nest, and that the magpies had not damaged it. The other nest is placed on the top of a holly branch and is extremely neat and compact, and the hen missel-thrush is very quiet and sits firmly, betraying no alarm at my presence. The one in the yew tree generally slips off with violent manifestations of alarm, while her mate makes the orchard ring with his wild alarm notes and angry protestations of annoyance. He is a most truculent individual, and attacks every other bird that comes near, even visiting the vicinity of the holly tree, and fighting with the missel-thrush whose mate is nesting in the holly. The latter, when not beating off this truculent individual, sits quietly in a plum tree and watches the holly tree with anxious eyes. He is extremely annoyed because a blackbird will sing his evensong from the top of the holly. When his mate flies off to feed he perches in the holly, just over the nest, and waits patiently till she returns, then he flies back to his perch upon the plum tree. He is always very silent, and even in the early days of the nesting, did not utter a note. The other missel-thrush sang loudly, morning, noon and evening until his mate started to sit, then, after a magnificent burst of evensong, he, too, was silent, except for sudden wild alarm notes. The *finale* evensong was singularly wonderful in its burst of fervour, and in the sweetness of the hen missel-thrush's reply. "It was a quiet, still evening, and nearly dark, when walking softly in the orchard, listening to the missel-thrush, I heard for the first time the singing of the hen. The male bird paused in his singing and, to my astonishment, I heard the sweetest notes from the yew tree. It was a sweetly soft echo of the bird's wild song, and I wondered which was singing. Creeping very quietly to the yew tree I found that it was the hen missel-thrush, and the duet continued until it was too dark for me to see a thing, and I returned to the house. Many missel-thrushes have nested in the garden and orchard, but this is the first time I have ever heard the sitting hen reply to her mate's song. When sitting it is difficult to detect the missel-thrushes, as they sit flatly and are concealed by the nest. There is none of the peeping over of the song thrush, only the tail is visible, and this is held stiffly upright with the wings folded underneath, and resembles a stiff little branch standing straight up from the edge of the nest. It is extraordinary how well the colouring of the under tail coverts blend with the surrounding twigs and branches.

H. T. C.

## AN ALIEN PARASITE.

It is not every amateur botanist who knows *Lathrœa squamaria* even under its English name of toothwort, although it would seem that a plant must be fairly common to have gained so colloquial a name. The Elizabethan herbalist, John Gerard, says, "it riseth forth of the ground . . . having a tender, thicke, tuberous, or mishapen bodie, consisting as it were of scales' like teeth, whereof it tooke his name." This is generally considered to refer to the tooth-like scales of the root.

Toothwort may have been commoner in the middle ages, though entirely without that medicinal value to which is generally applied the botanical termination "wort"; the Anglo Saxon for herb or plant. The term orchard is derived from the ancient "wort-yard," or—as we should now call it—kitchen garden. *Lathrœa squamaria* is not a denizen of the kitchen garden, though closely allied to the broomrapes, which sometimes crop up on the roots of shrubby leguminous plants. Like the broomrapes, the toothwort is a parasite, but upon the roots of hazel in copses and banks, and derives its sustenance from the sap of the tree. Being devoid of chlorophyll the plant is without green colouring matter, but is tinged with rose-pink or pale mauve, the stems being flesh coloured and of the consistency of sea kale. In shape the close growing spike of flowers resembles a spadragon or figwort.

The British flora includes but one species of toothwort, yet it would seem that an alien, in the shape of *Lathrœa clandestina*, has appeared on the roots of willow in one locality in Surrey. Visitors to Wisley Gardens have been attracted by the curious mass of parasitical growth on the roots of Napoleon's Willow at the edge of the Nymphaea pond. This is a larger species than *L. squamaria* and of a deep purple colour. At first it was suggested that the tree was already a prey to the

parasite when introduced as a seedling from St. Helena. This would give additional interest to the plant if it were so, especially if some years elapsed before it appeared above ground. But lately I have been informed of the discovery



TOOTHWORT.

of the same species of *Lathrœa* on indigenous willows some miles from Wisley. Can this be confirmed by botanists in other parts of England? E. M. HARTING.

## THE PROTECTION OF TERNS.

The Scottish Fresh Water Fisheries Committee, in a final report, have condemned, among other birds alleged to be destructive to fresh-water fish, all species of terns, and recommend that protection be withdrawn from them. On what authority, might I ask, do they base such a conclusion? I have studied, very carefully, the food of terns, and handled over two thousand young ones, the majority of which regurgitated the contents of their crops. The chief food of the common tern consists of young herrings, with a fair number of young whiting, and also a few young codling, lumpsuckers and long, rough dabs; and although the colonies visited were bounded by rivers famous for their salmonidæ, no trace of the young of any fresh-water fish was found, either in the birds or on the ground.

The food of the larger Sandwich tern is almost entirely young whiting. Many of the common terns visit the fresh water to wash themselves and, although I have watched them carefully for several years, I have yet to see them carrying fish from any direction but the open sea. The fry of all the sea fish named are, moreover, extremely small. In their winter quarters terns are killed in immense numbers for their wings and tails, which form important articles for the decoration of feminine headgear; nay, often whole birds are used, as many as five being used to beautify a single "creation." Moreover, great cruelty is used in their collection, for the wings and tails are often torn from birds only slightly wounded. Are these beautiful and graceful summer visitors, the swallows of the sea, to be persecuted in these their summer quarters also? The edict has gone forth that it is desired that protection for these species should be withdrawn because of the damage they do to fresh-water fisheries, which is nil. In the sea there are plenty of fish fry to satisfy a thousand times the number of birds bred on our shores.

Again, might I ask, on what authority did the Commission come to such a conclusion? Is it that this condemnation is merely because the terns take a few flies on lochs, which ought, in their opinion, to feed salmonidæ? If there is any scarcity of such insect food, it is more probably due to the oil from motor craft sealing the surface and preventing it from emerging from its larval state.

It is iniquitous that such a beautiful family should be condemned to destruction, when all the evidence is in favour of the birds being harmless to the young of game fish, and only feeding on the countless millions of sea-fry, whose incredible numbers are beyond belief to those who do not "Go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters."

H. W. ROBINSON, M.B.O.U.

## THE GOLFING BATTLE OF THE SEXES

By BERNARD DARWIN.

**A**FTER a long and delightful day at Stoke Poges I am sitting down, drowsily content with victory, to write something of the third great battle between the sexes that raged there. The men, giving the odds of a half, won, as they also won in 1911 and 1914, and I am beginning to think that at Stoke, with the course at full stretch and the ground slow, they have definitely got the best of it. I do not think the Ladies have even yet done themselves justice. Certainly I have seen them in their own Championship play golf against which the male amateur giving a half would, as it seemed, be powerless. But a golfer, male or female, is apt to play just as well as his or her opponent allows, and it is no doubt very hard for a woman to play her best game when she is somewhat overpowered in the matter of length and is continuously playing the odd. Respectable middle-aged gentlemen, such as I, who hit the ball a respectable distance, know how difficult it is to play our game when we are being annihilated from the tee by un-Christian persons who hit the ball as Mr. Tolley does. But we—even we—are Tolleys as compared with some of the ladies: we reach the green sometimes with a drive and a heavy iron when they cannot reach it with wood, and of our own bitter experience we ought to understand something of what they feel. Last year a match was played at Worplesdon wherein the ladies received no strokes but played from forward tees, having a hundred yards start and more at the very longest holes. The match was a far closer one and the ladies just won it. Yet, in a way, it was less satisfactory than the matches at Stoke, because the forward tees altered the character of the course and put a number of excellent bunkers practically out of action from the ladies' point of view.

There were two gaps to be deplored in the ladies' ranks. Neither Mrs. Dobell nor Mrs. Macbeth could play; but, even so, and in spite of their two previous victories the men were anything but over-confident. Mr. de Montmorency is not a person to do anything by halves. He had most of his team practising at Stoke under his critical but benignant eye for two days beforehand; none of your agreeable but enervating foursomes, nothing but good hard singles. And he had his reward, for his team not only enjoyed themselves enormously but played as a whole very well, and he himself played best of all. Various gentlemen have previously tried to give Miss Cecil Leitch a half and one and all have retired more or less severely buffeted;

but Mr. de Montmorency found the Lady Champion just a little below her best and used his opportunities. That is not a thing that everybody can do; all champions give chances at times, but how few of their adversaries take those chances. I could not watch many holes of this match, being engaged in my own, but I gather that the fortunes of the day really turned on the short holes. There are three of these, the third, seventh and eleventh, at which Miss Leitch received strokes. The third she could reach with a wooden club, the other two very comfortably with irons. On an average I think she might be expected to win two out of the three with her stroke and halve the other. What in fact did she do? She put her tee shot into some form of trouble each time, took five to the hole and lost it, stroke and all, against the impeccable three of her adversary.

Most of the rest of us followed the good example of our captain so successfully that for some time it seemed as if the men would win all along the line. But the ladies' tail, if it may be respectfully alluded to, wagged vigorously. If there was one man on our side whom I personally expected to win it was Mr. Noel Layton, for he is full of golf just now and hitting the ball out of sight; but Mrs. McNair and her gunmetal putter—how rare it is to see one nowadays—proved too much for him. Then Miss Edith Leitch, having the defeats of two sisters to avenge, did it very thoroughly at Mr. David Brown's expense. The closest match was that between Miss Molly Griffiths and Mr. Wethered, and it was only Mr. Wethered's powers of recovering and strong finishing that enabled him to snatch a half. Miss Griffiths is certainly a most engaging player. She is not cast in a large mould, but she hits the ball crisply and with a snap, and swings the club with the ease and freedom of a professional, standing very steady on her feet and keeping her body still. She also showed herself an admirable holier-out, particularly in the foursomes, when she and Miss Janet Jackson, the Irish Champion, beat Mr. de Montmorency and Mr. Hooman at the last hole. These two ladies were two down at the turn, but they came home in 37 with three threes, and it is hard work to give a half to such golf as that. Ladies do not as a rule play many foursomes together and they professed themselves rather hopeless of their prospects. As a matter of fact, however, they did much better in the foursomes than they had done in the singles. Either the men played too lightheartedly after lunch or, more probably, the afternoon's play was a truer indication of form.

## SHOOTING NOTES

### PHEASANTS' EGGS AND PHEASANT REARING.

**I**T is very difficult to say what amount of pheasant rearing in England is being done this year. What we do know is that the supply of eggs, like a great many other things in this country, is small and dear. We had occasion the other day to make some enquiries of a practical kind on the subject, as a considerable number were required for export purposes; indeed, both in Colonial and foreign countries there are on foot large schemes for pheasant-rearing which were thought out before the War, though the execution had to be delayed till it was over. A demand of this kind is springing up, among other places, in New Zealand and the United States. The prices asked for eggs range from thirteen to twenty pounds a hundred. Suppose the eggs were purchased at the latter price, as they have been, it follows that if all the eggs were hatched out, which is unthinkable, every day-old chick would have cost four shillings, without allowing anything for the cost of its foster-mother, rent of the ground, and human care-taking. We must assume, however, that these prices are abnormal. America is developing a very great interest in the pheasant, and we understand that the supply of eggs is more plentiful there than here. It would be interesting to compare prices, but at present sufficient data is not available. Those we have quoted are brought forward chiefly to show that there must be a very considerable amount of rearing going on despite the fact that several well known sportsmen have let it be known that they intend in the future to depend mostly on wild birds for their sport. They do not propose to give up rearing altogether, but only to do so on a very small scale as compared with what they did in pre-war times. In this connection it is interesting to note that the pheasants, like the flowers, are very much in advance this season. Many of the wild birds on our ground are now sitting, while others have very nearly completed the clutch. It rarely happens that a chronicle like this can be made before the end of April. X.

### .22 R.F. AMMUNITION.

As far as target work goes, there is little to say regarding the .22, for in the long rifle cartridge we seem to have reached

about the limit of accuracy in this calibre. Eminently satisfactory though these small bore rifles may be for aiming at a mark, their qualities for hunting purposes are by no means beyond criticism.

Manufacturers seem slow to realise that quite a different form of bullet is needed for shooting rooks and rabbits to that which serves so well for target work. It is true that the .22 long rifle R.F. or short .22 R.F. will both kill rooks well enough, but the shape of the nose makes the bullet very prone to deflect on striking the smallest twig. There is no doubt that a flat point is a great improvement in this respect. For rabbit shooting there is now no suitable .22 R.F. to be had. Far and away the best cartridge for this particular purpose was the Rhenish-Westphalian, with hollow point and flat nose. This cartridge killed rabbits very well indeed, infinitely better than any of the American hollow point ammunition, which has much less stopping effect. In addition to having a flat, hollow nose, the Rhenish-Westphalian bullet would seem to have had a higher muzzle velocity: at all events the cartridge was extremely accurate and very effective.

The .22 Winchester R.F., which has a case of greater diameter and more powder capacity, is a very good cartridge. The bullet is flat topped and the lubrication grooves are covered by the case. This latter feature does away with all tendency to collect grit, and so this ammunition can be carried loose in the pocket. Though the bullet is a solid one, yet, owing to the flat nose, the killing power appears to be quite equal to that of the American hollow pointed, though not to that of the Rhenish-Westphalian, and this ammunition if loaded with a hollow flat nosed bullet would be very effective indeed. Of course, the .22 Winchester R.F. (.22—7—45) requires a special rifle and twist, for the cartridge is of greater diameter than the .22 L.R.; and the bullet weighs 45 grains instead of 40.

Magnifying lens sights, on the Dr. Common principle, add to the effectiveness of .22 rifles, enabling the shooter to place his bullet more accurately. With sights of this kind and properly designed hunting bullets, the .22 would make a perfect rabbit rifle. As things stand at present, the .22 can only be used satisfactorily on rabbits when the range is short and the light good. FLEUR-DE-LYS.